

# MAGAZINE OF ART



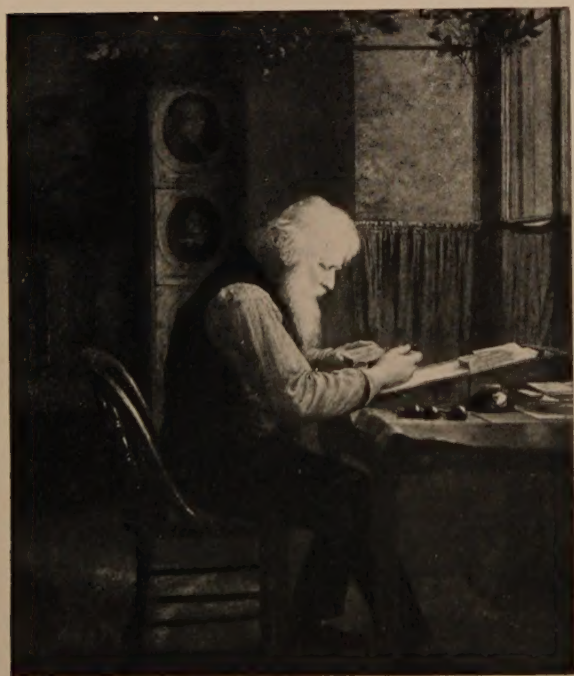
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# MAGAZINE OF ART

## A National Magazine Relating the Arts to Contemporary Life

VOLUME 38

APRIL, 1945

NUMBER 4

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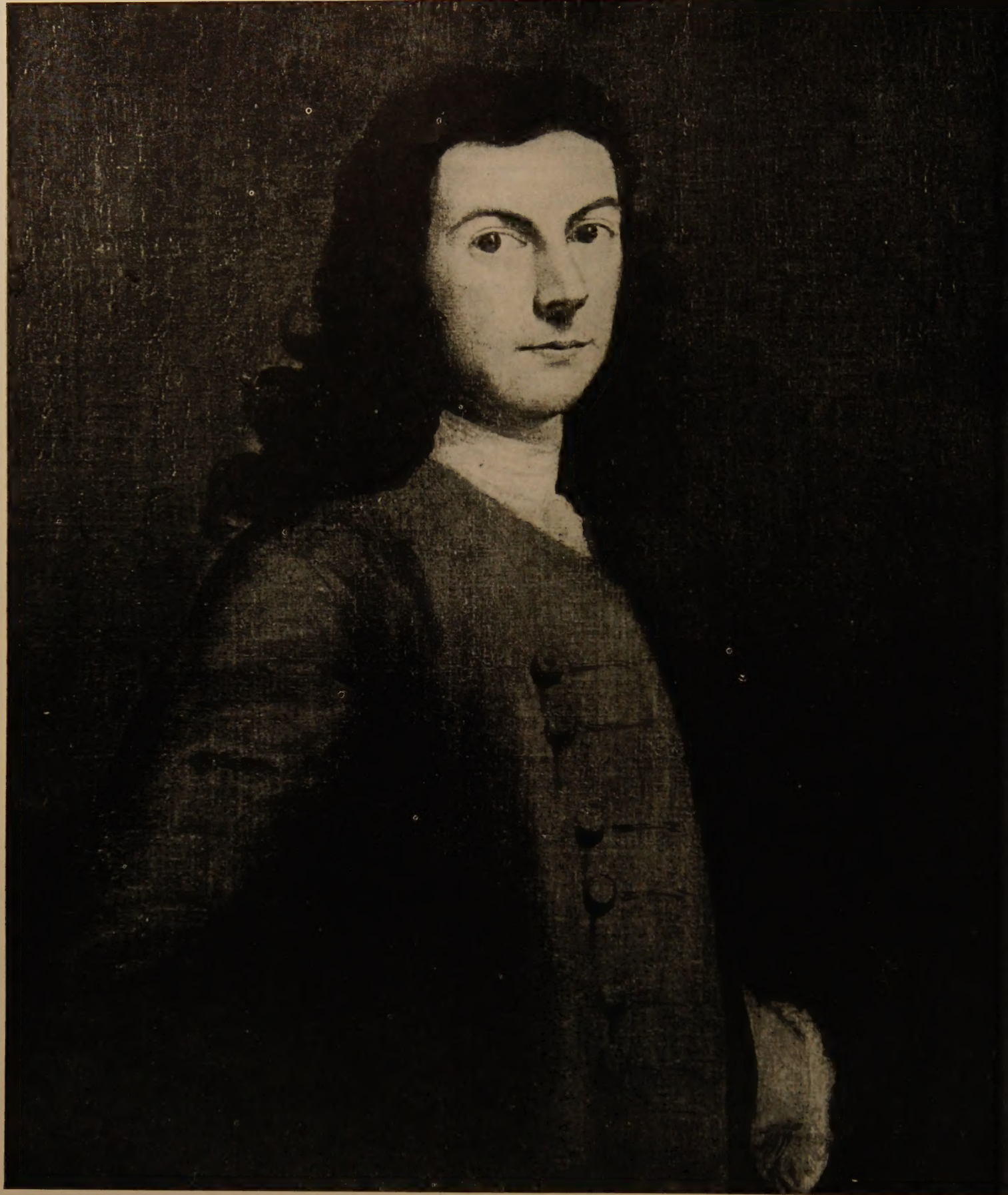
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*Robert Feke: SELF PORTRAIT, usually dated 1725 but probably later, oil, 26 x 30. Coll. Reverend Henry Wilder Foote, Belmont, Mass*



Unknown artist: HUNTING SCENE, CONNECTICUT, c. 1750, oil, 58¼ x 22½. If correctly dated, it is one of the earliest known American landscapes. Knoedler & Co.

# THE AMERICANISM OF NEW ENGLAND PAINTING

By JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

UNDER the imaginative direction of Gordon Washburn, the Museum of Art of the Rhode Island School of Design brought together in January more than a hundred canvases painted in old and New England during the 17th, 18th, and early 19th centuries. The intention of the exhibition was to permit comparison between the works of English and American painters. In a handsome catalogue, which contains a reproduction of every picture, Mr. Washburn expressed his wish that "the assembled material, irrespective of commentary, would provide an unusual opportunity for both laymen and scholars to make fresh evaluations of a constructive sort . . . that everyone will regard the groupings on the walls and their analyses in the catalogue as merely suggestive of the kind of pleasure that may be found by a rambling and meditative scholar. . . . The primary question which everyone asks, and to which clearly we have not been reluctant to give our answer, is whether American painting in those days was merely provincial British painting or whether it possessed an independent American character that distinguished it from the mother country."

Mr. Washburn's conclusion is based on his great admiration for primitive paintings. An appreciator of the humble, direct approach of simple, unsophisticated artists, he makes such men the torch bearers of American art, and finds a much greater aesthetic value in their ungainly verities than in the elaborate grace which he states characterizes the British school. He supports this point of view with charm of style and persuasiveness of argument. Since those interested can get his catalogue and read for themselves, I shall not discuss what he has written, but rather accept his invitation to draw my own conclusions.

The first thing a study of the six exciting galleries at Providence showed was that with one exception, which we shall discuss presently, all the pictures, English and American alike, had a basic stylistic relation to each other. Despite variations in temper and modifications in technique, the work done on both sides of the Atlantic is cut from very similar cloth. That such a statement may cause heartburnings in some American

breasts shows only the lack of perspective with which mankind is inclined to look at its ancestors.

Much of the general public, and in this group it is unfortunately necessary to include many contemporary painters and even some critics, have refused to look at early American art at all because it was common gossip that the paintings were linked with the British school. These people were offended as if by a personal affront that our painting did not instantly become something new under the sun. In order to be admired, our forefathers, it seems, would have had, at the moment they set foot on this continent, to forget that they were born abroad, to forget their political ties with England, to forget, in fact, all reality. Mystically they should have imagined what America would be in another two hundred years and painted pictures which expressed that.

In other words, they should have limited their activity to being satisfactory ancestors to us. How unworthy of the pioneers to be more interested in themselves than in their great-great-great-grandchildren yet unborn, to have painted the world as they saw it rather than as we see it! Since our early painters failed to express the twentieth century world of New York, or at least the middle western world of Mark Twain, they clearly were craven imitators of foreign models. Out upon them!

If our early artists had by some miracle painted in the manner demanded of them by our nationalists, they would, of course, have been doing exactly what our nationalists do not want them to have done; they would have been painting in anything but an American way. In order to paint like Americans they had to express America as they themselves knew it.

All during the colonial period, the American population was being refreshed with hordes of immigrants. Many of our leading citizens were born and educated abroad; our government was intimately tied up with that of England. It is not by chance that the rallying cry for our national revolution was penned by an Englishman, Thomas Paine, who had come



*Unknown artist: RICHARD HALE OF KING'S WALDEN, 1605, oil, 33 x 40½. An example of the style of painting fashionable in England before Van Dyke's arrival. Estate of Richard Walden Hale. Photo, Boston Museum.*



*Unknown artist: HENRY GIBBS, 1670, oil, 33 x 40½. The missing link between this early American picture and the Hale is probably supplied by English provincial painting. Mrs. Alexander Q. Smith, Charleston, W. Va. Photo, Worcester Art Museum.*

to America two years before at the age of thirty-seven. It would be no more ridiculous to disdain the American revolution because it was based in part on advanced English and French political thought than to disdain American painting because many of its roots stretched under the ocean. Indeed, some of our art theorists could learn a great deal from historians of American life. We do not find students of government becoming indignant because Jefferson familiarized himself with French political philosophy, or because Washington's point of view had many similarities to that of the British Whigs.

Of course, when growing in American soil, European roots produced somewhat different flowers. This fact has encouraged some art critics to seek for variations between English and American paintings, and then to assume that these variations exclusively and in themselves constitute the beginnings of a national style. Such thinking is based on the belief that an American style, if it existed, would be an altogether new departure, opposed to European fashions. We need only to glance at the general history of the period to see that this is a fallacy. American civilization was not opposed to European civilization but was an offshoot from it, one branch of a tree that ran somewhat parallel to the other branches. Much in American life was very close to much in European life; thus a painting which expressed American civilization had of necessity to be similar in many particulars to a painting which expressed British civilization. We should indeed expect similar stylistic inventions to appear altogether independently of each other in both countries, called into being by similar environmental conditions. Perhaps the considerable resemblance be-

tween some of Copley's American pictures and the work of Richardson, Hudson, and Highmore cannot be completely explained by actual influence on the colonial through the medium of prints and of Blackburn's example. Perhaps Copley himself thought of some of the things that also occurred to Highmore.

If a crotchety American limner produced out of his personal mental aberrations an element of style that had little profound relation to the civilization of his time, this original element would be less "American" than a similarity to English painting which grew out of a profound similarity between the two nations. We must be careful not to accept freaks and oddities as the signs of an American manner.

When, as was so often the case at Providence, a group of pictures illustrate the same tendency, it is possible to avoid this pitfall by making comparisons. But what of the one picture that seemed inconsistent with the rest: the portrait of *Henry Gibbs*, which bears the date 1670, and was thus the earliest American example shown. In order to prove it not an oddity we have to look beyond the museum walls; elsewhere in New England we find a half dozen pictures in the same or a similar style (*Mrs. Freake and Baby Mary*, the *Mason Children*, the *Rawsons*, etc.) We may then well ask whether this group of related portraits indicates that America produced at once an indigenous, a national art.

In 1670, when *Henry Gibbs* was painted, Boston had been settled just forty years. Every resident older than forty had been born abroad; and the vast majority of the adult population had reached these shores after they had passed through the most formative periods of their lives. As an American, the



Unknown artist: ANN POLLARD, 1721, oil, 24 x 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ . A masterpiece of early 18th century New England painting in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society. For further discussion of the picture see Esther Forbes' article, "Americans At Worcester—1700-1775. 'A Carnal Giddy Rising Generation,'" *MAGAZINE OF ART*, March, 1943.



Patrick Branwell Brontë: CHARLOTTE, EMILY, AND ANNE BRONTË, oil, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 35. (Not included in the Providence exhibition). This English picture, which might easily be mistaken for the work of an untutored American artist of the early 19th century, indicates that primitivism existed in both old and New England. *National Portrait Gallery, London. Photo, LIFE magazine.*

painter of *Henry Gibbs* could not help being very close to a foreigner. Since most of the immigration was from England, it is natural to start our search for the sources of his style in that country. A hint is given us by another portrait at the Providence exhibition: that of *Richard Hale*, painted in England in 1605. Adequately representative of the portrait painting practised in England in Tudor times, this picture has certain resemblances to *Henry Gibbs*, yet they are so slight that the possibility of coincidence remains. If there is a connection, we must bring in evidence from outside to make that connection clear.

The type of painting which *Richard Hale* represents was driven from the British court about 1632, when Van Dyke settled in London. An examination of English provincial collections reveals, however, that the archaic English tradition of surface decoration continued in the back country in a more simple and obvious form until 1670 and beyond. Photographs exist in English books which show us the missing links between *Richard Hale* and *Henry Gibbs*. None of these pictures go the whole way, but since they hang in the country houses of great families, there is a presumption that even more primitive pictures were made to serve the middle classes from which the American immigration was drawn. Until scholarship has exhumed such pictures or proved they did not exist, we are in no position to discuss the originality, the "Americanism," of *Henry Gibbs*.

This brings us to the fact that such an exhibition as that at Providence can at best give us hints, not answers. We could not make a scholarly study of a period of literature from an

anthology, however expertly compiled, since the results would be modified by the compiler's taste and the practical possibilities of including one piece and excluding another.

The size of the Providence exhibition alone would have made it a major event in this year's art calendar, yet we see at once that the more than a hundred pictures, despite the care and taste used in their selection, no more than scratch the surface of the problem the museum set itself. Inherent in its scheme were all the questions inherent in the study of American and British art, questions involving not hundreds but thousands of canvases. Indeed, the six expertly installed galleries in which English and American pictures hang side by side serve less to answer riddles than to demonstrate the vast complexity and subtlety of the issues involved.

Because of scrambled transportation facilities resulting from the war, many owners refused to lend their most valuable pictures. Mr. Washburn often changed this into an advantage by using the wall space to hang fascinating canvases not usually seen. Yet all his ingenuity could not avoid including some pictures of doubtful attribution and even leaving gaps in the presentation. The whole English school is, through no fault of the sponsors, represented by too few examples and many of these inferior. This, of course, weighted all comparisons on the American side.

Mr. Washburn's taste, of course, also determined what pictures were shown. He is a great admirer of "primitives". When we find him on the first page of his catalogue naming as our leading landscapists Hicks, Headley, Chambers, and Guy, ranking them high above Cole and Kensett, we recog-



*John Singleton Copley: MRS. GEORGE WATSON, 1765, oil, 40 x 50. Coll. Henderson Incheston, Chestnut Hill, Mass. "Perhaps the considerable resemblance between some of Copley's American pictures and the work of Richard Hudson, and Highmore cannot be completely explained by actual influences on the colonial through the medium of prints and of Blackburn's example. Perhaps Copley himself thought of some of the things that also occurred to Highmore."*

nize an extreme point of view. The director's taste is consistent. In comparison with his 18th century heroes, Robert Feke and Ralph Earl, he damns Copley and Stuart, as well as Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Gainsborough, indeed all English painters with the exception of Hogarth.

Naturally, in his selection of American pictures, he tended to emphasize the cruder, the more unconventional, the primitive. Although this may have put the exhibition a little off balance, it gave the show a unity which a more general representation of a century and a half of painting might have lacked. And it resulted in the hanging of many interesting pictures. There was, for instance, the haunting portrait of Ann Pollard, which is gradually taking its rightful place as one of the masterpieces of early American art. The picture is so lifelike that it might stand as the type for thousands of old ladies. Yet when we examine it closely, we see that it is constructed

geometrically like a cubist-picture, only the anonymous limner did the cubists one better: he was a triangularist. The twin triangles of Mrs. Pollard's huge collar are the most conspicuous statements of a theme which is echoed and re-echoed in almost every detail. That this technique was not a prodigy, but rather a reflection of American conditions, is shown by a comparison of the picture with the portrait of the Rev. Samuel Buell, which was probably painted a generation later. Although the Buell picture is far inferior to Mrs. Pollard, it shows a very similar point of view on the part of the artist. Indeed, the Feke early self portrait also reveals a geometric approach.

Much too little known are the late 18th century Connecticut primitives Reuben Moulthrop and Winthrop Chandler. A pair of canvases attributed to the latter—portraits of the Rev. Ebenezer Devotion and his wife—were among the high points of the Providence show. That the same general approach is found in the



Joseph Highmore: PORTRAIT OF A LADY (supposedly Flora Mac-inches. Collection of Mrs. Leonard Wheeler, Worcester, Mass.



Joseph Highmore: PORTRAIT OF A LADY (supposedly Flora Macdonald), oil, 39 $\frac{7}{8}$  x 44 inches. Collection of M. Knoedler & Co.

works of Joseph Badger, a generation earlier, a comparison between *Mrs. Devotion* and Badger's *Mrs. Jonathan Edwards* shows. Such pictures represent, as Mr. Washburn states, a tendency in American painting which has not been adequately stressed by our more conservative theorists.

That these pictures, as well as the more finished masterpieces of Copley, reveal a directness of approach which is not to be found in the works of such masters as Reynolds and Gainsborough is undoubtedly true. Mr. Washburn has argued this point in his catalogue and drawn many cogent conclusions. We must be careful, however, not to make this critical truth into a complete explanation of the relations between English and American art. There were many similarities as well as differences. Copley in his American period represented the high flowering of a long struggle for realism, but we must not forget that he sought passionately for English models, and incorporated them in his style. Even a primitive like Badger rested heavily on the English example of Smibert. American realism was not so much a new growth as a modification of an old pattern.

That similar tendencies, although perhaps not so fully realized, existed in England is shown by the Hogarths in the exhibition, as well as by the brilliant conversation piece by Devis which is a strong and hard-headed piece of work despite the sophistication of its execution. Furthermore, there is evidence that some English painters worked in a style that was as primitive as that of the primitive American. They too were provincial practitioners, hardly mentioned by elegant writers on English art, as our own primitives were ignored a generation ago. Consider, for instance, the drawings by members of the Bronte family which, because of their literary association value, were

widely reproduced some months ago. Indeed, one of the crying needs of American art scholarship at the moment is to make a study of the more simple artists of England and the continent, since it was the example of such men, not the masters, which inspired early American art. It is highly revealing that so major an influence on the development of American painting as Blackburn was so minor a figure in England that we can find hardly any traces of his activity there. Blackburn, of course, was only one of a considerable number of foreign artists who came to this country, probably from the very first years of settlement. Any comparison between English and native styles which ignores these often anonymous figures is certain to be unsound. Indeed, the sharp traders who have made fortunes by signing the names of American limners to provincial English portraits were engaged in a rugged kind of art criticism; it is often very hard to tell the pictures apart. Particularly when swayed by the emotions of wartime, we must be careful not to make a fetish of national uniqueness.

I am not here urging a return to the fundamentalist point of view that American painters were inferior imitators of the British; far from it. My argument is that when an American limner created a valid style he did so by combining with his sincere personal vision such old world techniques as he could learn about and assimilate. To such a national style, the international elements were not necessarily either more or less important than the ones improvised by the artist. Indeed, in a good painting, be it by Feke or Copley, Stuart or Earl, the two elements are so completely fused into a unified whole that it is impossible to draw a sharp line between them. That the paintings of New England paralleled English painting in many ways does not in itself make them less American.

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF RUSSIAN ARCHITECTURE

By TALBOT HAMLIN

OBSERVERS of Russian architecture since the Soviet Revolution have frequently expressed surprise and disappointment at the apparent reversal in the early 1930's of its earlier radical trends. They are shocked to see classic details on modern buildings, and appalled at an ideal which seeks for lavish richness instead of the austere clarity of International Style purism. Yet everywhere in the Western World the strongest recognizable architectural trend has been the general relaxation of the earlier dogmas of modern architecture; in the United States, in Great Britain, and in South America, imaginative architects have been seeking building forms more relaxed, more personal, more in tune with local climates and local traditions, than the astringent stucco-and-glass cubism of the earlier modern designers. What has happened in Russian architecture since the Revolution has been a development typically Russian, a development which in many ways parallels the growth of earlier Russian building styles, and it can only be understood against the background of the whole history of Russian architecture. Thus some knowledge of this development may have a more than merely historical importance.

When Slavic tribes began to push into Russia from the Carpathian region during the early centuries of the Christian era, they found a country well populated with many differing peoples under various cultural influences. The great plains of southern Russia had been one of the natural routes which the nomadic peoples took from the east to the west. Russian areas near the Black Sea had also been the sites of important and prosperous Greek colonies. Herodotus had called most of the people dwelling in the southern part of the country Scythians, and that name has popularly clung to the culture these nomads produced. They were great metal workers and developed a vivid yet stylized decorative art, distinguished especially by its treatment of animals and so sometimes known as the Animal Style. This so-called Scythian art is spread widely throughout central Asia, southern Siberia, and into Mongolia; its effects can be seen in certain early Chinese production and perhaps in the animal forms used in early Western manuscripts.

Of the early architecture in this region we know as yet comparatively little, except for the great tombs, covered with tumuli, in which most of the artistic products of these tribes have been discovered, and for certain simple hut types. The Greek colonies of the Crimea were prosperous and produced large amounts of jewelry and of gold and silver work. Evidently they built, wherever they could, structures typically Greek, of which some remains still exist. The later work of these colonists shows a deep influence from the so-called Scythian work; Greek forms in turn, through trade as well as through direct contact, influenced the work of the nomads, so that sometimes it is difficult to say whether a work is Scythian or Greek.

The development of Russia, as we know it, was slow. In its early days it was largely conditioned by the famous early medieval traffic route from the Orient to the West—called the Varangian Route—which led from the Black Sea up the Dnieper, and across northwestern Russia to the Baltic. It was along this route that the earliest Russian civilization and the earliest settled Russian governments developed. In the 10th century the route was for the most part under Scandinavian domination, and it was a Scandinavian prince—the semi-legendary Russ, or Rurik, said to have been of Swedish origin—who first in the 10th century developed a civilized political government. From him the country took its name.

Such a growing culture, existing largely because of the Varangian Route, was bound to be deeply influenced by all the countries from which the trade flowed or toward which it was directed. Thus early Russia was in close touch with the Byzantine Empire, with Armenia, Georgia, Persia, and central Asia generally, and also with portions of western Europe. From the Byzantine Empire came Christianity (Russia was officially Christianized under Duke Vladimir in A.D. 988), and with Christianity came the first monumental architecture, naturally purely Byzantine in its basic types.

Kiev was then the capital city, and St. Sophia at Kiev (1037)—named after the great Constantinople church—was the first great Russian architectural monument. Its earlier portions are an excellent example of the simplified Byzantine style, in which carving is minimized and the proportions tend more strongly to narrow height than in Constantinople. Nevertheless in its basic domical and cruciform scheme, as well as in its mosaic and fresco interior decorations, the Byzantine type is supreme. Other early churches of quite similar type followed rapidly in the 11th and 12th centuries, especially in Novgorod.

Probably at this time little building aside from the churches was done in this monumental and still almost imported manner. Excavations of the old ducal palace at Kiev reveal ditch and earthwork fortifications with palisaded wooden walls, and it is likely that nearly all secular architecture was similarly of wood. In the 12th and 13th centuries Kiev yielded its supremacy to other towns along the route or in close relationship with it—first to Novgorod, then to Pskov and Vladimir. In the work of this later period other influences are obvious. It is thought that sometimes Italian builders may have been used, and the inspiration of certain western Romanesque forms is obvious, especially in a growing use of arcaded cornices and buttress strips.

New influences from the East also make their appearance, especially from the wide rich churches of early Georgia and from the magnificent stone-built, richly decorated, vaulted churches of Armenia. Russian plans, though retaining the central dome, tend to surround this with enclosed porches on three sides, so that the dome becomes merely the climax of a sweeping series of roofs. Greater relative height appears, and the domed drums are raised higher and higher. It is at this time, too, that the so-called helmet type of pointed dome appears, just as almost simultaneously similar pointed domes were being developed by the Mongols in far-off Persia. The Russian domes apparently were native expressions, and ever afterwards the pointed dome—eventually assuming the well-known "onion" profile—remained an almost constant feature in Russian ecclesiastical architecture.

This early medieval phase of Russian church architecture reached its climax in Vladimir between the end of the 12th and the beginning of the 14th century, when the Tatar invasion put a temporary end to the entire development. In this Vladimir work the various influences behind Russian architecture are most clearly expressed and at the same time most thoroughly integrated. Arcaded cornices and recessed Romanesque arches, Byzantine plan types, vaulting, and interiors, Armenian wall arcades and decorative wall carving—all are combined into a style of great dignity and power. Typical is the Church of St. Dimitri, at Vladimir.

Russia was, and in large tracts still is, a heavily forested area. Since timber has naturally always played a major part

much of its building, and because in later Russian work forms developed in wooden architecture came to be used even in monumental work in masonry, some understanding of the type of wooden building is necessary. Two strains are recognizable. One was brought in from the Carpathian region in the southwest, where wooden churches—often with complex tiered roofs almost Chinese in their reduplication, though without the Chinese curve—continued to be built into the 18th century. The evidence seems to indicate that this type was of great antiquity and exerted a strong influence upon early wooden churches in Russia, particularly in the complexity of the tiered roofs that covered the raised central “crossing” of the churches. The other type was the developed log cabin of the northern forests. It is possible that Scandinavian precedent may have played some part here, although the later developments were thoroughly characteristic and Russian. Typical village houses of the north remained for centuries of the simple log-cabin type, but houses in the towns used the same primitive method of construction to produce complex structures, with broadly projecting roofs and balconies, sometimes with almost the sophistication of the Swiss chalet.

Yet it was in church building that this Russian facility in using logs revealed itself most clearly. Here the desire to produce churches which at least in exterior outline recalled something of the tall picturesqueness of the old masonry Byzantine churches in Pskov or Vladimir is obvious. By ingenious corbeling, great polygonal pyramidal spires were raised over the center of the churches, although the interior ceiling was usually low, and these pyramidal so-called “tent roofs” became an almost universal feature. Often they were crowned with onion-dome forms as finials; the fascination which this onion-dome shape had for Russian taste shows, too, in the way the builders often reduplicated roofs one over the other, each having the curved outline of the onion profile, climbing up over the nave and leading the eye inevitably to the central tent roof and its domed top. The Russian Byzantine plan type is evident also in the fact that the church proper was frequently surrounded by galleries or porches of cut-out wooden arches carried on low, bulbous, turned columns.

In the detail of these wooden churches much imagination was shown. Many types of low fat columns with bulbous, beaded, or baluster-like shapes roughly hewn out of the logs were used, and moldings were often decorated with sharp, flat carving typically wooden in character. In later centuries, when Renaissance and Baroque influence was dominant all through Russia, wooden houses continued to be built with large areas of this flat crude carving, based on rough caricatures of classic scrolls and acanthus leaves.

The extent to which these wooden forms affected the masonry architecture of the post-Tatar period can be seen in the Church of the Ascension (1520) at Kolomonskoe. The church is known to have been designed by an Italian architect; it is sometimes attributed to Aristotele Fieravanti, sometimes to Aloisio Novi. Yet, despite the nationality of the designer, its high pyramidal roof, its reduplicated gables, and its colonnaded porch all recall the wooden churches of the north more than the severe domed buildings of Kiev or Constantinople.

Even under the Mongol Khanate, Moscow had begun to emerge as the dominant city in Russia. With the final overthrow of the Tatar power, toward the end of the 15th century, by Ivan III—and with the consolidation of the newly reborn Russian nation under Ivan IV (the Terrible)—Moscow became the true capital of Russia, and its grand dukes became the tsars.

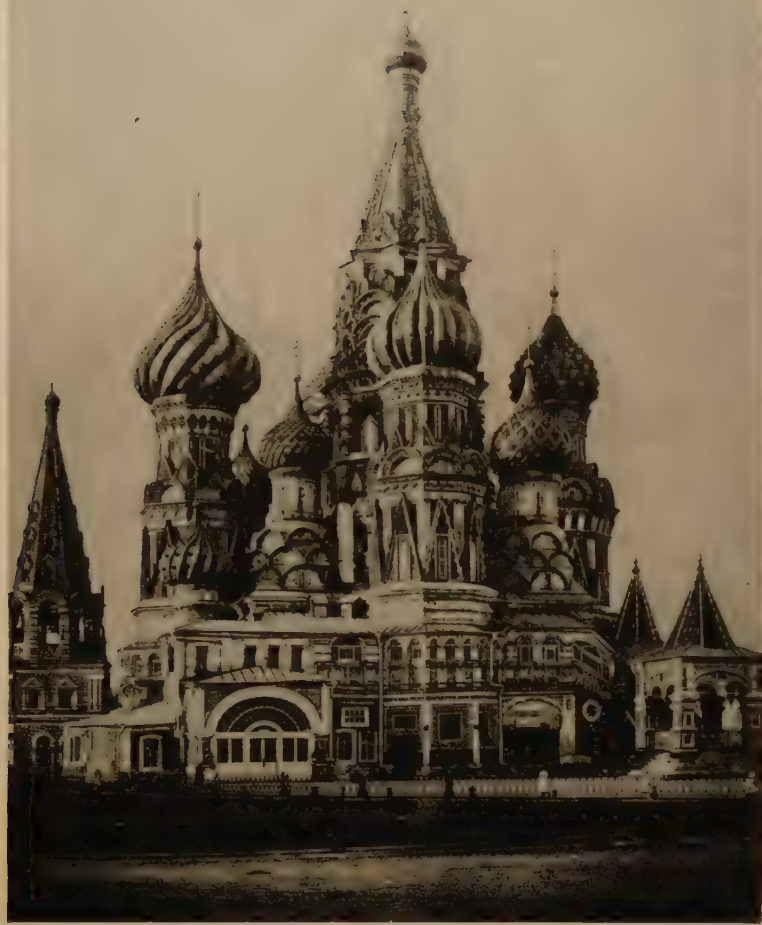
Perhaps as a reaction against the earlier eastern domination, this new power turned growingly to the West for inspiration,



*Vladimir, St. Dimitri. 12th century. “Typical of the early medieval phase of Russian church architecture.”*

*Una. Wooden Church, 17th Century. “It was in church building that the Russian facility in using logs revealed itself most clearly.”*





*The great Cathedral of St. Basil in Moscow (17th c.) which so vividly dominates the Red Square outside the Kremlin wall.*

*Tsarskoe Selo, The Hermitage, by Rastrelli, early 18th century.*



and sought to develop a culture based as much on the current Renaissance of Europe as on its own native traditions. The several Italian Renaissance architects came to work in the new capital; the great fortifications of the Kremlin were designed largely by Italian architects and engineers. Fieravanti was architect for the Cathedral of the Assumption (1475-79) and of the Annunciation, slightly later, both in the Kremlin. Both he accepted the traditional Byzantine plan type, and like the simple surfaces and high proportions of the interior were covered with frescoes, the feeling of the older churches was reborn. On the exteriors, however, classic moldings appeared. Orders of Corinthian type are used as decorations around doors and windows, and in the Annunciation church there are even Italian-like shell decorations under the arches that crown the façade. In the Palace of the Facets, the earliest of the existing Kremlin palace buildings, more normal Italian composition makes a tentative appearance, although even here, either to satisfy the taste of the employer or because the workmen were ill-trained, the Italian architect allows the detail to be coarsened, modified, and made more picturesque; in the interiors the vaulted halls, in spite of Italian touches here and there, still remain somehow somberly Byzantine in feeling.

During the 16th and early 17th centuries the Russian architects did their best to absorb these new Renaissance ideas. Never, however, did they seem to wish to copy pure classical forms; everything became new, imaginative, and purely Russian, as the fantastic surface ornament of the Terem Palace (17th century) in the Kremlin abundantly shows. In church work, adaptations were even more free; the stumpy, bulbous columns of wooden buildings, sometimes combined with capitals of almost Romanesque or Byzantine type, often reappeared in these half-Renaissance buildings.

By the middle of the 17th century Russian designers had begun to integrate all these influences—the onion domes and the Byzantine plan types of earlier churches, the pilasters and arches and panels of the Renaissance, the heavy columns of baluster type arising from wood origins, and a growing love of lively, nervous, and broken silhouettes—into a coherent and expressive style. Thus again, as in the earlier days of Vladimir, Russian architecture was based on a creative and imaginative eclecticism, evolving finally into a characteristic local style.

The apogee of this developed 17th century Moscow architecture was reached in the great Cathedral of St. Basil, which so vividly dominates the Red Square outside the Kremlin wall. In the complexity of its towers, its central tent roof, its onion domes, its crowded richness of panel and molding and reduplicated pediments, like scales, St. Basil's has come to seem for many people the very incarnation of 17th century Russia.

In simpler forms this 17th century style came to be accepted universally for the multitude of monasteries and churches that were rising over the Russian Empire. Its intricacy even reacted on the wooden churches of northern villages; in stone, in brick and plaster, cathedrals and monasteries dotted the land, as the Russian emperors and nobility poured money into the Church. Even today much of the picturesque excitement of the Russian landscape lies in the tall towers, the soaring pyramidal tent roofs, the onion domes, and the sharp outlines of these buildings rising above the low roofs of country villages or starkly upright from wide fields, or above the serrated tops of wooded land along the river shores.

The end of the 17th century brought another influx of European influence as Italian Baroque architects flocked to the dazzling and hospitable court. Twenty years of Swedish war brought Russia to the Baltic coast, and Peter the Great determined to make Russia a great Western nation. On the marshes of the delta of the Neva River he founded his new capital, St.

Petersburg, now Leningrad, in 1703. For a century and a quarter the Romanoffs lavished almost unlimited wealth on the construction and beautification of this city. Palaces almost on the scale of Versailles, great government buildings, superb quays and esplanades, monumental groups of buildings carefully planned for their total effect, together with the new palaces of the nobility on broad avenues, all combined to make the new city one of the great architectural capitals of the world.

At first the architects of this splendor were chiefly Italian. Domenico Trezzini and the great Rastrelli worked in the most prodigal Baroque manner; Rastrelli's work at Peterhof, the Winter Palace, and Tsarskoe Selo, and Trezzini's in the Nevskii Monastery at Leningrad, are typical. Later other architects came from France; Catherine the Great, in fact, largely through agents in Paris, tried to draw to St. Petersburg all the promising young architects she could attract. Accordingly the architectural fashions of France and Italy were reflected in Russia almost at once; because of the hearty imperial support and the almost unlimited funds, they flowered even more luxuriantly here than in the countries that gave them birth. Rapidly, too, Russian architects developed to carry on these Western styles; they were trained either abroad or in the thronged offices of the great foreigners in the Russian capital.

Yet, just as the earlier Renaissance had somehow changed under the impact of the Russian traditions and, particularly in church work, preserved many of the older Byzantine ideals, so now the Baroque and the Rococo were gradually and insensibly modified and, especially in churches and monasteries, showed the influence of the towers and the onion domes of the earlier work. In the country villages and many country estates old ways of wood construction similarly persisted; the new Baroque and Rococo fashions showed only in classic roof slopes and in often charmingly naïve caricatures of Baroque designs over carved and painted window and door frames. Some of this provincial wooden architecture, especially in the Ukraine, is of great beauty, with a quality sometimes not unlike that of the village Colonial of our own United States.

St. Petersburg reached the culmination of its glory only in

the classic revival period toward the end of the 18th century under Catherine the Great, and in the first quarter of the 19th under Alexander I. A Scottish architect, Charles Cameron, invited there by Catherine, brought to Russia his own lavish interpretation of the Adam style, interestingly mingled with "Pompeianisms". The Italians Rossi and Quarenghi and the French architects Delamothe and de Thomon introduced a new monumental sobriety, and simplifications of Greek forms became fashionable.

The number of skilled and highly trained Russian architects was also constantly increasing, and to them largely is due the credit for creating out of all these influences from Italy, France, and England their own superbly characteristic Russian classic revival style—one of the most vivid and vitally inventive reinterpretations of antique Greek and Roman forms the time produced. It is characterized by great scale, by daring simplifications, and by dramatic contrasts of large areas of perfect restraint with climax points of lavish interest in which sculpture and ornament, often of Greek influence, are used in an almost Baroque manner. In the segmental arches and heavy rustication that are common the influence of Ledoux seems often present, and it is a significant fact that there was a large collection of Ledoux drawings in the Russian imperial collection.

The St. Petersburg that exists today as the older portion of Leningrad is largely the product of these imaginative Russian architects—Voronikhin, Stassov, Danilov, Zaharov, and others. Voronikhin's Kazanski Cathedral, with its dome and its superb forecourt colonnades, combines something of the earlier Baroque composition with the lavish and sober monumentality of the new classic revival, and its emphasis on the relation of the building to the street and the city as a whole is but one example of the fact that the St. Petersburg architects of the time always considered a building as a unit in the total city ensemble. The great Admiralty Building, by Zaharov, is typical of the Russian classic revival ideals; its enormous length, its huge low-sprung entrance arch, and its tall spire show the vitality which the Russians injected into the classic revival tradition.

But the style is not limited to the Leningrad area; wherever



*Tsarskoe Selo, Former Bedroom of Catherine II, late 18th century, by the Scottish architect Charles Cameron, who brought to Russia his own lavish interpretation of the Adam style."*



the imperial court influence permeated, wherever the court nobility built its country houses, this Russianized classic reigned supreme. Its severe and monumental simplicities rose in the streets of Moscow next to the lavish older "Orientalized" buildings of the 17th century. In Crimean cities the new vogue for classical porticoes, for simple surfaces, for creative combinations of Greek and Roman forms, seen through the Russian imagination, won favor and set its own new classic in place where ruins of the older ancient classic sometimes still remained.

Some of the most interesting, although the simplest, versions of the style occur in buildings of the great landed estates, especially in the Ukraine and in the countryside around Leningrad and Moscow. Here architects and builders less known adapted classic revival patterns to simple techniques and limited budgets. The result is often strangely American, and the closest parallel one can find to some of these Russian estates are the great porticoed mansions of the wealthy Americans of the 1830's and 1840's.

Thus Russian architecture developed from its beginnings to the early 19th century. Then the Industrial Revolution which so profoundly affected the life of western Europe came to Russia also, though tardily, and Russian architecture afterwards was a different and a more complex story.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Hamlin.—EDITOR.)

*Slavgorod, Church of the Holy Trinity, 1807.*

BELOW: *Leningrad, Pavilion of the Admiralty, by Zaharov 1806-10. "Typical of Russian classic revival ideals."*





DETAIL OF COATLICUE ("Lady of The Serpents Skirt") National Museum, Mexico City.

Photographs by the author.

# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY IN THE AZTEC FIGURE OF COATLICUE

By LEO KATZ

WHENEVER artists become dissatisfied with viewing their own work exclusively they grow curious about the work of other artists, and those who have a desire to find out what art has meant to other people in the different parts of the world during different periods sooner or later discover that their individual, emotional approach as well as a general esthetic response are utterly insufficient. Once in a while one runs into a cult object or sculpture, metal work, pottery or textile where the power of design and the feeling for the material proves so contagious that no additional information seems necessary. However, many amazingly rich periods of considerable duration produced art which according to all our instincts might be of great significance. Yet without a knowledge of the external and internal influences which conditioned such a particular art expression we stand before closed doors. We must study geographic situation, climate, economic and social conditions (external influences); mental and spiritual development, the attitude towards life and the world as expressed respectively in magic, mythology, religion, philosophy and science (internal influences).

Thus the artist-student becomes interested in geography, history, anthropology, ethnography, ethnology, archaeology, etc. At first one studies these sciences like an humble visitor grateful for any crumb of information which helps to break through that infernal wall of ignorance that separates us from the art we are trying to understand. If, however, the blindness

persists after we have waded through volumes written by famous scholars and attended many lectures given by authorities at prominent places, we are apt either to regret our own inferiority or to repeat the often heard statement that far eastern art, for example, or oriental culture in general, cannot be grasped by a western brain, or that a modern mind can never hope to understand the work of pre-Columbian art or any pre-scientific culture outside the sphere of the Christian world.

However, after many years of patiently exercising absolute faith in history, archaeology and other sciences (as we were taught them in school), there comes the moment when through the hard struggles of art-life with its constant search for reality, and perhaps also through more intimate contacts with scientists and institutions, strong doubts inevitably assert themselves. No matter how much most pre-Columbian sculptures, for example, seem to defy our powers of interpretation, one can hardly escape the impact of the incredible vitality and creative passion which those carved stones emanate. It becomes increasingly unbearable to read "expert opinions" and "scientific" descriptions written by people who have never in their lives had a creative experience—not to speak of famous authorities who, *en passant*, give an artistic evaluation of such works of art on a basis of mid-Victorian esthetics or "Early Pullman" taste. There are today a few archaeologists who take the trouble to talk to artists once in a while. But very few have any



*Front view, as used in most illustrations. Visible at bottom is a plaster cast of the relief carving on the soles of the feet of the statue.*



*Back view. "The front and back of the statue are so unlike in their similarity that we must consider the possibility that two different artists are represented."*

familiarity with the enormous enrichment of our visual horizons through the gallant work of modern art pioneers whose contributions have changed our attitudes toward point, line, form, light and color, texture, space, time, composition, structure and functional laws. A whole universe of abstract, non-objective, and super-realistic creation has been discovered and added to the constant capital of our visual consciousness. This represents a hard-won fight against the lethargy of the public and often against the determined hostility of art patrons. Many now famous artists had to starve and take the punishment of ridicule from the whole professional world. Others paid with their lives or with their sanity just as did some of the pioneers in the world of science. Yet despite all the hatred and dislike, modern art could not be stopped.

I am not speaking out of any feeling of animosity toward science or scientists. On the contrary, I respect any form of search for truth as I love any search for reality. But I cannot fail to notice the steady increase of serious, disappointed people who protest against a certain isolationism, a sometimes alarming inner poverty and an appalling "safety first" attitude amounting to mental cowardice. It is particularly this playing safe within the accepted limits of scientific accuracy which at times creates the impression of stupidity or outright dishonesty. As long as the public is being drilled in blind faith toward science, not much is bound to change. Should education someday alter its course in that respect, then serious warning on a friendly basis might not be as out of place as most people might think. I do not want to go so far as some scientists who predict the end of science within the next generation or two (see Eric Temple Bell's "The Search for Truth").

It is simply that one cannot help remembering that in passages all struggles to understand nature and to interpret the deeper meaning of life were preserved in the heroic language of mythology. Today we characterize something untrue, something that could not be, by calling it a "myth." The word "science" might someday face a similar fate and become the synonym for dead words, mental sterility, or false pretenses.

I can indicate but a few details. For instance: a head, carved in stone is found in Mexico. After being in the hands of experts for a year or two it is exhibited with a catalogue edited by a prominent scholar who describes the sculpture as "Head, Stone, 14½ inches, Mexico." The word "figure" is substituted whenever it is a figure.

Another danger arises from the frantic antics performed in the desire to give to history, archaeology, esthetics, or psychology a scientific appearance by trying to define indefinables, to measure the unfathomable and to catalogue imponderables—in other words to reduce multi-dimensional life phenomena to one, two, or three-dimensional formulas, charts, and tricks of logic. Every few years there appears a new effort to declare history or history of art a science "from now on," thereby admitting that previous attempts had failed.

In the archaeology of Mexico almost the entire material available is art (mostly architecture, sculpture, and pottery). What truth can, therefore, be expected from "experts" who have not had even the most elementary training in art? How can they help being false, empty, dead? A partial remedy might be found in an increased collaboration between science and art which, of course, would presuppose an equally intensified training of artists in archaeology and related branches. Alas,

art schools and art departments of colleges and universities still insist on a criminal neglect of pre-Columbian cultures. And so, the existing artificial segregation is harmful to both parties. I can only hope that my feeble attempt here may stimulate further gestures in this direction by artists as well as scientists.

Years ago I attended a course by a prominent authority on pre-Columbian art. Among other things he showed a lantern slide of the *Coatlicue*. He mentioned it was an Aztec sculpture and added: "Rather gruesome, isn't it?" That was all. In Pál Kelemen's admirable two-volume work, "Medieval American Art," which really tries to emphasize the esthetic significance of pre-Columbian art, the *Coatlicue* is not included. And yet after many years of acquaintance with the original in the Museo Nacional of Mexico City I find it one of the most fascinating and revealing sculptures of the past. I spent much time studying it at different hours of the day, lying in ambush, armed with my camera, to catch it in a light and from an angle which brought the statue to life for me. The rest I had to leave partly to my imagination. Most ancient sculptures were painted. That polychrome layer, if any, is gone. Was the goddess worshipped at night in the light of swinging torches? At what angles was it seen by the worshippers? What were the rituals under which she had to be approached? All this we cannot answer exactly.

It is safe to assume that the statue was standing on a pedestal or platform. Therefore its power was meant to reveal itself if seen from below. The usual front view of catalogues does not even begin to suggest the sculptural boldness and the dramatic freedom of changing silhouettes so characteristic of its artist. And we must immediately realize that we are not dealing with a mere stone but with the creative work of a living man although no name or birthdate is available. (The front and back of the statue are so unlike in their similarity that we must consider the possibility that two different artists are represented.)

I showed slides of some of these angle views once at a lecture where "scientific experts" were present. I shall never forget the raised eyebrows and the heads shaking in displeasure. Of course, I never claimed to have a perfect solution. I know only that a most unusually gifted artist in the white-heat of a truly terrific imagination used a rarely equaled ability to juggle forms between a straight, solid block silhouette in front view (probably relating itself to surrounding architectural verticals and horizontals), and a free, uninhibited swing of masses in side view. Some of the form movements have that strength without formula, that mixture of inevitability and surprise which rocks in the mountains display. No one approaching from the side would expect the geometric order and symmetry of the front view. I have rarely encountered such uncanny equilibristics with difficult form problems.

The serpent motive is spread in the symbolism of magic and religion throughout the ages in almost all parts of the world. I am not at all interested here in the judgment of "good and bad" in art, but among the artists of the ages there are few masters who could take two serpent heads and create out of their profiles such a hypnotic physiognomy with all the horrors of life and death. Perhaps it is not quite justified to recall Picasso's experiments with *profile-en face* simultaneity. The *Coatlicue* face is repeated on the back with variation of proportions in the skull and other prominent details, while the direction of back and forth in space simply changes from arms to legs. Arms move towards the front and feet are pointing in the opposite direction, no mean liberty with the relativity of space directions. The use of light and shadows on the rough, porous stone is determined, sure, and clever. We have here

a result of excellent training, highly sophisticated treatment, combined with a savage virility of presentation and imagination. There is real plastic thunder in some of the details.

The *Coatlicue* statue is by no means a unique Aztec sculpture. There are other smaller and simpler images of the goddess in the same museum. There are also some fragments of a similar version to be found in the court-yard, and not long ago another *Coatlicue* of similar proportions and conception was found not far from the cathedral of Mexico City. Whether our statue was the prototype from which the other examples took their inspiration, whether it was one of a series of sculptures executed in the same studio under the leadership of one master, or whether it was just a powerful variation of a standard type prescribed by the hierarchy of priests, is hard to say with our present knowledge. One thing is certain: our *Coatlicue* was not a sculpture made for sale to please some idle customers nor was it created for cold scientific analysis. Every detail of it was of a vital symbolism, although we do not know the meaning of all the different symbols. Today most people think in words, and have lost the ability to think in symbols. Nevertheless, we are not quite as helpless as it may seem at first.

*At what angles was the COATLICUE seen by the worshippers?  
What were the rituals under which she had to be approached?*



The story of the goddess Coatlicue has survived the total destruction wrought by the conquering Spaniards, and was preserved by Fra Bernardino de Sahagún. The following quotations are segments taken from a translation into English by Fanny R. Bandelier of the Spanish version of Carlos Maria de Bustamente. The original was written down by Fra Bernardino in Latin script but in the Aztec language, directly from the dictation of Aztecs.

In the chapter "Of the Beginning of the Gods," the first paragraph speaks "About the Birth of Vitzilopuchtli." It reads:

"There is a mountain range which is called Coatepec close to the village of Tulla where a woman by the name of Coatlycue lived. She was the mother of certain Indians who called themselves Centzonvitznaoa, and they had a sister called Coyolxauhqui. This woman, Coatlycue, did penance by sweeping every day in the mountains of Coatepec.

"One day it happened that while she was sweeping, a little feather pellet, like a ball of spun wool, floated down over her, and she took (caught) it and put it in her bosom, near her abdomen, under the skirts. After having finished sweeping she wanted to take the little ball (or pellet) out, but did not find it, and they say she became pregnant of it; and when the said Centzonvitznaoa Indians saw their mother, who was already pregnant, they became furiously angry, asking who had begotten her? 'Who has dishonoured and shamed us?' Their sister, the said Coyolxauhqui, said to them, 'Brothers, let us kill our mother, because she has dishonoured (disgraced) us.' . . . When the said Coatlyque became aware of this deal, she pondered it greatly and became frightened, but her unborn baby spoke to her and, consoling her, said, 'Do not fear, because I know what I have got to do!'

". . . At the instant the said Centzonvitznaoa Indians arrived, Vitzilopuchtli was born, carrying a shield which was called teucueli with one dart (arrow); both were blue (shield and dart) and his face was as if it were painted. . . . Now Vitzilopuchtli ordered one who was called Tochaucalqui to light a snake made of torches and which was called Xiuchcoatl (Fireserpent). He lighted it and with it the said Coyolxauhqui was injured (wounded), and she died, torn to pieces, and her head remained in that mountain range of Coatepec.

"Vitzilopuchtli rose, armed himself, and went forth against the said Centzonvitznaoas, pursuing them and throwing them out of that mountain range to its very bottom, fighting against them and four times encircling the said mountain range. . . ."

We can assume that the master of the *Coatlicue* statue was not only familiar with the story but also with the secret meaning behind it. Artists who made the images of gods under theocratic rulership were often, as we know from similar cases in other parts of the world, either well-trained priests or part of a lay clergy.

Our story has all the characteristics of a universal mystic symbolism which unfolds according to different keys of decoding. Some sacred scriptures insist on seven keys or seven seals. Here we can get along with roughly three layers or keys. The middle layer addresses itself to man whose ego faces birth, life, and death as an inseparable trio of reality. The top layer deals with cosmic events, always, of course, with an eye on their relationship to man; and the bottom layer reaches into man's subconscious dreamworld. Mythology never takes the risk of turning truth into a lie by separating details from the ensemble of which they are a part, and therefore all phenomena, including men, are viewed in relation to the whole and its other parts. It has been known for some time that this is the way mythological symbolism works. Archaeology has paid so little attention to such studies that we have difficulty in doing justice to certain works of art.

However, we know enough to recognize a sun-myth in the story of Vitzilopuchtli, rising out of the terrestrial womb as

a result of an immaculate conception, with the location of sunrise given. His appearance and career could not be anything else but one of a warrior hero, since the artist belonged to a nation of savage fighters with their typical war-psychology and their education for death in contrast to other pre-Columbian philosophies of an agrarian background. We have reluctantly to admit that creative ability expresses at times the world of the sword as eloquently as the ideals of peace. (The art of Mesopotamia is another example.) The Aztecs were young conquerors from the North, the last ones to settle on the high plateau of Anahuac. They inherited a very advanced astronomy and other sciences and arts from their conquered predecessors and translated that cultural heritage crudely into their sword philosophy of a people who believed themselves chosen to rule. Therefore this art has no use for sugarcoating tastes. It revels in its ability to face the stark and cruel realities of life and death without a whimper. Tragedy, human or celestial, did not frighten this people. Terror, man-made or terrestrial, held no ultimate threat. There was only one thing which made courage falter and ultimately helped to bring about their downfall. It was the old record of the story of Quetzal-Coatl, the Toltec, who had preached the brotherhood of men, and whose wars were the fight against poverty, ignorance, disease, and ugliness. After his departure his enemies declared him a weakling and substituted the sword for his sign of the cross. Yet the same songs which glorified the satanic tricks and treachery of Titlacahuan and Vitzilopochtli admitted that they received their secrets of science and arts from the departing Toltec. He whose wisdom and culture they never hoped to equal had promised to return in the year "*Ce Acatl*" (One Reed). How this tradition and the fear behind it were used by Cortez in the fantastic conquest of the Aztec empire is well known. The silent voice of guilt seemed to have tortured their dreams with a warning, an Aztec equivalent of the law which says, "He who conquers with the sword shall perish by the sword."

There are so many details in this story which read like present day events that I cannot stop wondering why so little attention is paid to them. As an artist I find it significant that all these parallelisms in life go hand in hand with a surprising parallelism in art. How could it be otherwise? It seems natural to me to find in one single room, in the Hall of the Monoliths of the Museo Nacional, every trend of modern art represented in sculpture: from photographic naturalism, impressionism, expressionism, to cubist and surrealist tendencies. One visit to this room can cure anyone from ever again accusing modern art of being un-American, imported, new-fangled stuff.

To come back to our story, Vitzilopuchtli's first act after birth is the destruction of his many older brothers, the stars, and of his plotting sister Coyolxauhqui, the moon, all blotted out by the rising sun. From the point of view of the subconscious, we have a very interesting analysis of Vitzilopuchtli's Oedipus complex in protecting his mother, and the Electra complex of the daughter Coyolxauhqui against her. It is a perfect Freudian background for the surrealist power of this symbolic image with its skulls, its serpents, its cut-off hands and cut-out hearts, so strongly reminiscent of early surrealist films. It reminds us that surrealism, the art of the subconscious and of dream-symbolism, is very ancient indeed. The main difference between new and old here is that modern surrealists are chiefly interested in their own egos and their own complexes, whereas in cases like our *Coatlicue* we are dealing with the age-old struggle to bridge the terrifying gaps between the conscious ego of man and the mysterious dream-life of his subconscious on the one hand, and the unfathomable secrets of cosmic forces on the other.





## RUFINO TAMAYO

By JEAN CHARLOT

TWENTY YEARS ago a small group of Mexican artists, eschewing the international style centering in Paris, brought forth an essentially local esthetic. The travail entailed shows in the results, especially the murals frescoed in the twenties. The magnitude of the areas covered, the scope of the heroic subject matter, bespeak a gigantism that jarred certain sensibilities. A Mexican witness writes in 1924, "This itch to paint decalogues, transcendental symbols, philosophical concepts, revolutions and revelations, is either a joke or childish delusion. . . . Riverism says 'I yearn for monumental painting, easel painting is petty. I wish to brush great frescoes and leave behind something to rival Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*. What of it if the bourgeois shrieks or if I get ruptured trying.'"

Though a youthful prize-winner at the San Carlos Academy in 1918, Rufino Tamayo came of age as a painter about 1926, when the first energy of the mural movement was already spent, when some ears, sated with the routine of pipe organs going full blast, sighed for chamber music. He, and others of similar mind, witnessed with amused awareness the sport of fellow painters pushing Sisyphean rocks uphill. Surrounded by red banners, closed fists, open mouths, clanging chains, and eviscerated money bags, it was a most natural thing for the dissidents to rediscover for themselves with delight *l'art pour l'art* with its exquisite soul searching, and the aristocratic monologue of a subconscious talking aloud to itself.

Indianism was a major note of the renaissance. Whatever his inclination, Tamayo could hardly discard a racial heritage that was not for him a cerebral option but a biological fact. His colleagues had picked the most gigantic of antiquities as touchstones against which to assess their muscles—the monolithic moon-goddess from Teotihuacan, the geometric serpent heads dug up in the Zocalo, the colossus *Coatlicue* girded with snake rattles, displaying baubles made of human hands and hearts (see page 133—Editor). But a whole valid vein of Mexican art remained closed to the muralist intent on size

and scope—the archaic terra cottas of people making music holding hands, giving birth, delousing each other's manes, yet remaining minute pellets of clay stamped with the functional thumbmark of the potter. Tamayo adopted them as stylistic ancestors, and also the Tarascan fat man sculptured in baseball attire, raising their bats at equally fat dogs with sham rock shaped ears and wagging stubby tails. Instead of the grinning mask of the death god, he warmed to smiling Totonac heads, halfway between the *Mona Lisa* and kewpies.

The dualism of mood of pre-Hispanic times held true our day as well. While the self-appointed painters to the Indians frescoed brown giants with thunder on their brows and lightning in their fist, the Indians themselves produced their own art as usual: they embroidered or lacquered arcaic besques bearing a crop of buds and birds, patted black clay into the shapes of monkeys and owls, dressed fleas, wove straw horsemen astride petate horses, painted pigs, and ex votos where people suffer, pray, are cured, all happening in silence within cloistered hearts, with not a fist, not a flag, not a streamer in evidence.

All this was in accord with Tamayo's own life. Born in tropical Oaxaca, he lived in Mexico City in the quarter of La Merced, the district of markets and wholesale fruit dealers. His adolescent eye took in mountains of bananas—of green gold, yellow gold and copper—heaps of mangoes—the whole gamut of cadmiums from lemon to purple, their bloom enhanced with leopard spots of black—of still more lush papayas, *chirimoyas*, and round brown *zapotes*. At home, genteel baskets smothered with ribbons displayed paper flowers, and fruits again—wax fruits this time.

The early muralists had solved the relationship between local and international art by turning their backs on the School of Paris, on which most had been nurtured. Their hearts set on plastic oratory in the grand manner, they felt an affinity with such old masters as Giotto and David, masters of propa-

anda in paint, and could seek no compromise with the Parisian attitude that tabooed substantial themes as subject matter. For Tamayo no such harsh choice arises. There is a kinship between those he loves, gentle Indian "old masters" and folk artists, and the brittle masterpieces of Dufy and Laurencin. In his early work, traditional Indian and modern Parisian styles coexist in peace, with an easy grace and an unassuming relaxation that contrast sharply with what is usually understood by Mexican style.

While his fellow painters favored heroic themes, Tamayo chose humbler models. His early still lifes heap childish wonders—mangoes, ice cream cones, electric bulbs—juggle with them for the sake of color in a palette not intended to be baked through the eye, but gustatory as it were, not in the erotic sense suggested by Rimbaud, but as if the motor reflexes of childhood experience remained miraculously alive. André Salmon holds that painters' climates should be common human currency, suggests the weather report: "Today Tiepolo skies, tomorrow Rembrandt clouds." In turn, Tamayo greens and Tamayo pinks equate celestial pistachios and raspberries.

Born to it, Tamayo is one of the few who can validly claim his as the picturesque subject matter of tropical Mexico. With postcard splendor, native Oaxacanian markets display, besides their colorful wares, bronzed Tehuana types with naked feet tugging the ground, full-pleated skirts, embroidered blouses, natural flowers braided with their hair. Add palms and parrots, varicolored houses, and mangy dogs. All this subject matter is to be found in the artist's work, but used with a tremulous sense of responsibility to the rules of good taste and good painting. This race of women that started many an ethnologist babbling of a lost Atlantis roams through his canvases as bell-shaped pyramids, with a flaring starched ruffle at ground level weighing more heavily in the painter's hierarchy than the featureless heads. His curiosity clarifies the nameless shapes that peeling coats of paint produce on an otherwise plain wall. The hot sun is culled and sieved into color patterns that studiously avoid the rendering of sculptural bulk. The tropical scene is "recreated" if you wish, "abstracted" if you want.

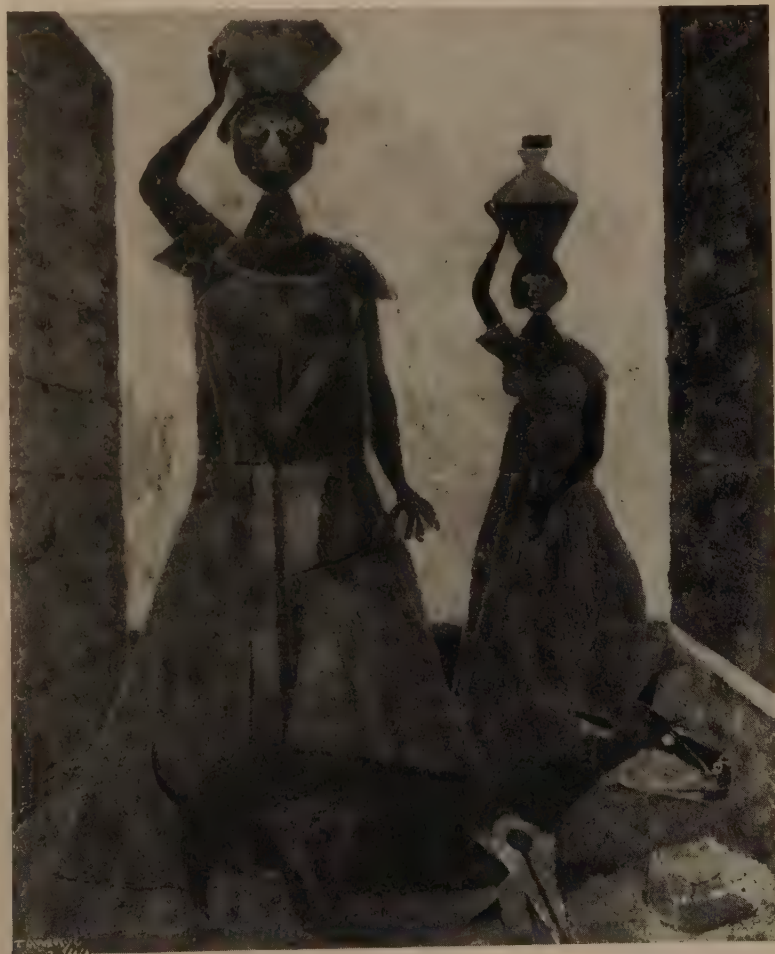
Artists are often tempted to play the Peter Pan, inertia suggesting caroling and carousing in collegiate fashion as an easy way to grow up. Endowed with a personal style, shown and sold by New York dealers who appreciate the affinity between his vision and that of the School of Paris, Tamayo could have hardened his early success into the mold of a well balanced formula: enough sophistication to intrigue the layman, with enough naïveté to delight sophisticates.

No such fate awaits this painter, whose evolution steers its able course equally far from the somersault turned stale and from the paunch grown at the Academy. A break in style, aesthetic *pedimento* or plastic *mea culpa*, is nowhere in evidence, and yet the difference between the early and present work is emphatic. A change of psychological approach signals a shift of seasons, as the slow summer fullness of maturity takes its hold. The long residence of Tamayo in New York results paradoxically in a depurated inner comprehension, a sifting of racial quintessence. The picturesque allusions in modern guise that his northern public had come to expect, the toy shapes, the candy hues, fall short of this new urge whose far-flung motors feed on more disquieting strains. Distortions of the human figure are no longer meant for purposes of wit—as plastic puns. They are bona-fide distortions of passion. While Greco's mark holiness, Tamayo's liberties with man's frame suggest a ripper's surgery, or the craft of the Mexican village witch baking bits of hair and nail filings from the intended victim inside a clay doll, with deadly purpose. In these later



Tamayo: BIRDS, 1941, oil, 32 x 38. Valentine Gallery, New York City.

Tamayo: WOMEN, 1945, oil, 34 x 42. Valentine Gallery, New York.





Tamayo: STILL-LIFE, 1928. Photo courtesy Weyhe Gallery, N. Y. C.



Tamayo: GIRL STANDING, woodcut, about 1930. Weyhe Gallery, N. Y.

Tamayo: LANDSCAPE, 1939, gouache, 30 x 22, Valentine Gallery, N. Y.



pictures, certain dogs or dragons open jaws as barbed w teeth and as ravenous as the vampire-headed beings that Buddahwise (but with none of Buddah's static acceptancy on the Zapotecan funeral urns dug up in the painter's natit Oaxaca.

In the twenties, taking no part in the mural movement Tamayo pitted purification of means against sheer size and scope. Later, perhaps because he felt secure enough in his acquisition of pure plasticity, perhaps simply because he is Mexican painter, Tamayo painted murals. That of the Academy of Music of Mexico City, frescoed in 1933, is close to his easel pictures in mood, if not in physical size. With the same relaxed subconsciousness, the same delight of the brush, and the same racial validity, it also shies from didactic purpose. Indian angels pluck string instruments and play at being but still lifes—if not Cézanne's apples, at least Tamayo's *zapotes*.

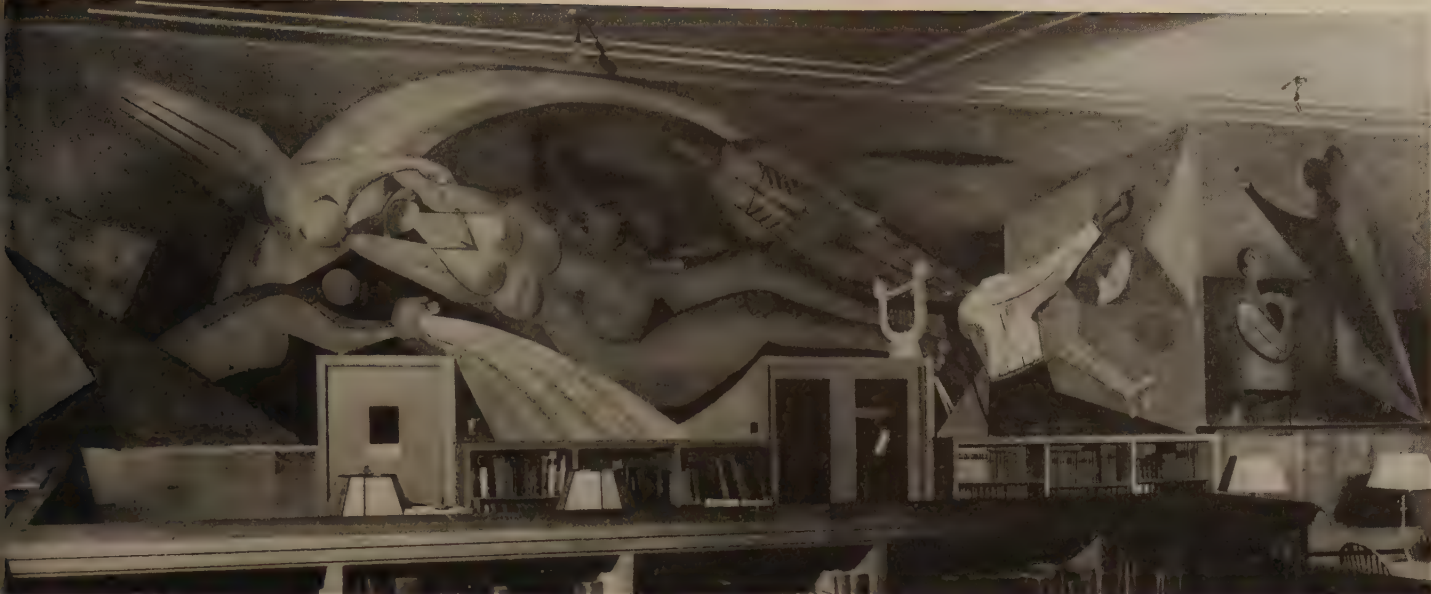
His 1943 mural in the library of the art department of Smith College signalizes, however, a wish to tell a complex story in terms of giant size and in collaboration with the architecture. In this fresco the artist tackles unafraid a theme that some of his non-objective colleagues would irreverently call a hoary chestnut. In Tamayo's own words, "*The first panel is entitled NATURE AND THE ARTIST . . . the group representing Nature is composed of five figures . . . the figure of Nature is of heroic size. It has four breasts and lies in an attitude of surrender, to symbolize abundance and generosity. From the rocks . . . there springs a blue female figure from whose hands flows a stream of water. This figure symbolizes Water . . . Above Water is a male figure in red, symbolizing Fire . . . Another female figure, coffee colored and representing Earth . . . is represented as holding in its arms the figure of Nature, to show that it is in the Earth that we see Nature in all her magnificence. At the right a blue male figure . . . represents Air. The whole group is capped by a rainbow which . . . symbolizes Color, the basic element of painting.*"

"Another male figure represents the Artist engaged in producing the Work of Art . . . between the Artist and the group representing Nature there are a lyre and a compass, to show that the Artist, when he looks at Nature in search of plastic elements, should do so through the medium of poetry and knowledge . . ."

This description may conjure up for those who have not seen the actual wall, ladies in Greek veils toying with operational accessories, such as a 17th century *peintre d'histoire* bent on moralizing could have conceived. The chosen subject implies the representation of three different degrees of reality: the artist, his vision, the work of art, in decreasing order. Such a program would tax even a realistic painter, though he could lavish on the figure of the artist all the tricks of his trade and taper toward lesser realism. Tamayo manages to carry his complex program to completion without once falling into photographic vernacular, as he doses with sagacity diverse degrees of abstraction.

In the microcosm that the artist orders to taste on those 4000 square feet of wall, geometry rates over anatomy—shapes elbows, knees, and shoulders after the rigid fancy of ruler and compass. Bodies as we know them are made violence, breasts are multiplied, fingernails swell to the size of heads, heads shrink to thumbnail size—while prismatic hues sally forth out of the rainbow, seize on any skin as their prey, or fight for possession in a piebald melee.

While Nature is given true weight and a sculptural mass, Fire and Air remain buoyant, their two-way traffic streaking diagonally the dense earth-colored sky. Patches of brown on blue mark Water's subterranean origin. Earth emerges between



Tamayo: MURAL IN THE HILLIER ART LIBRARY, *Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. Fresco, 1943. Colten Photo.*

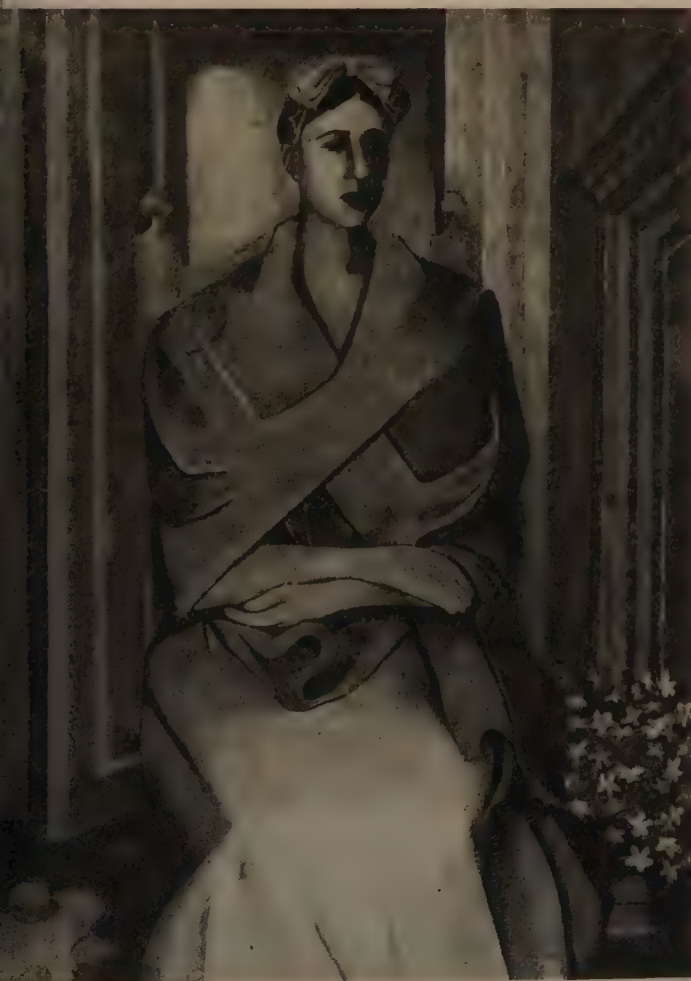
the mountainous hip of Nature and the prismatic fluorescence of the rainbow, like a star-nosed mole, claws clamped at the ingress from its shaft, as it senses the unwanted sky. Observing this semi-abstract vision from the side, the painted painter abstracts it further in a geometric scheme that deliberately sheds what still clings to the model of bulk, weight, texture, and story-telling. Style shifts by imponderable transitions from the massive Nature born out of the steaming Mexican loam, to the international style in which the artist is working.

In spite of its size, its brilliancy, its eloquence, this fresco affects the observer more through the handling of the brush

than through its intellectual planning. One is prone to overlook the didactic purpose and to relish instead modulations of color, especially those passages from red ochre through darker ochres to burnt cork, culminating in the figure of Earth.

This huge mural should put Tamayo's mind at rest as to his ability to produce the kind of full-throated pipe-organ music that he questioned twenty years ago. It should not make us forget his other, major claim, staked in more recondite grounds of Mexican esthetics with those easel pictures that strike two contrasting chords, the white magic of his early toyland and the brown magic of his maturity.

Tamayo: OLGA, 1941. *Rhode Island School of Design.*



Tamayo: CARNIVAL. *Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington.*



# CONTEMPORARY

BASED ON PLATES OF THE INDEX OF

A GROUP of 18th century crewel embroideries copied for the Index of American Design provided Lucy Baker with the basic patterns for these cotton prints of wove seersucker recently put on the market by N. Flugelmaier and Company, manufacturers of cotton and rayon dress goods. Among the 30,000 plates of the Index (now available to the public at the National Gallery in Washington), Mrs. Baker spotted this group as potential patterns for moderately priced house coats, sport dresses, bathing and play suits. In the two years since her designs were completed and the fabrics printed (3 basic patterns in 4 to 6 color combinations each), about 100,000 yards have been sold at prices ranging from 80 cents to a dollar, depending on the number of colors.

Here, possibly, is one solution for the embarrassed designers whose work was not exhibited at the 1941 International Textile Exhibition at Woman's College, University of North Carolina. Out of 225 entries from all parts of the United States, Peru, and Mexico, only 44 were considered fine enough to be included in the exhibition. Among the 30,000 plates of the Index of American Design are many textile patterns which, if skillfully used, could serve the 20th century as well as they have served preceding ones.



*Detail of a crewel embroidery bed hanging, Maine, 1745.  
Copied for the Index of American Design by Mildred Bent.*

*Cotton print in four colors, designed by Lucy Baker after the crewel embroidery shown above, and now on the market.*



# COTTONS

AMERICAN DESIGN

The second of three basic patterns based on crewel embroidery work recorded in the Index of American Design. The original color drawing for this pattern, now in the National Gallery, Washington, is not shown. Says Mrs. Baker: "If the Index were only reproduced in color and made available to designers everywhere, it would not only serve as a great stimulus; it would help make us as Americans more aware of our cultural heritage."





John Piper: COVENTRY CATHEDRAL, gouache, Nov. 15, 1944

## Foreword by Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

JOHN PIPER first won international fame about 1935 as the best of the English abstract painters associated, as were some of our own artists, with the Paris ABSTRACTION-CRÉATION group. In those days, with his wife Myfanwy Evans, he helped propagandize abstract art through the notable English magazine *AXIS*.

Today, in 1945, he is the outstanding painter of the English neo-romantic school, rivaled only by the cryptic Graham Sutherland. Indeed Piper is one of the central figures of the movement, which also includes architects and writers who have taken a fresh interest in English landscape and architecture—architecture which has too often been tragically and violently converted to that picturesque state of ruin so admired by Walpole and Beckford. Piper's architectural taste is, however, not confined to "Gothick" only, but includes the baroque and neo-classic and the various sentimental styles of the mid 19th century. His art seems to stand, from our point of view, somewhere

between the sophisticated, theatrical decay of Eugene Berman's ruin pictures and Charles Burchfield's ingenuous early watercolors of weather-beaten Hayes-and-Garfield houses. Piper's art is now fashionable, but beneath its obvious picturesqueness one feels a deep love for the ancient land where Stonehenge survives both Fonthill and Coventry.

Some of John Piper's writings, to which Mr. Russell refers obliquely, are worth listing: "The Wind in the Trees", 1924, an early book of poems; The "Shell Guide" to Oxfordshire, illustrated with Piper's own photographs and published by the Shell Oil Company in 1938; "English Romantic Painting", 1942; and numerous articles for the *NATION*, *COUNTRY LIFE*, and the *ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*.

Penguin Books has just published a monograph, "John Piper", under the editorship of Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery, with an essay by John Betjeman and many color plates.

John Piper: ABSTRACTION, 1966, oil, 7 x 6 feet. Collection Serge Chermayeff, New York City.



# JOHN PIPER

By JOHN RUSSELL

In March, 1940, John Piper held in London his first large exhibition of topographical paintings. He was then aged thirty. Painters come slowly to maturity, and in thirty years the pictures shown in 1940 may well seem merely to have prevised the work of his best years. At the time, however, two general conclusions could be drawn. The first was that the dwindling range of available pleasures had been increased by one. The second, that a great tradition of English painting had come, not easily, to be revived. Timid and conformist painters often speak of tradition as if it were the property of their kind; but in reality the reward of experiment, and not an alternative to it; and only those who live most vividly in the present deserve to inherit the past.

In Piper's case the return to traditional themes was made only after an extended and arduous tour of more recent preoccupations. Piper has not a vegetable nature, such as distinguished, for example, Wilson Steer or the painters of the Barbizon group; worlds other than that of sight exist vividly for him, and he is a practised writer as well as a delighted "common reader". It is thus that the third and fourth decades of this century were for him the occasion of a long exploration of the contemporary scene. English topographical painters have often revelled about the world before settling to work in their native land; even in the late 16th century a watercolorist was taken to North Carolina in Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition; Thomas Gainsborough went campaigning on the continent of Europe in 1743, and in later generations painters went willingly, or were dragged, to places as various as Asia Minor, St. Petersburg, and the South Seas. In many cases such tours fulfilled a purely promotional function; and rarely did any of these vagrants per-

form or need to perform such an elaborate mental evolution as is represented by Piper's recent topographical work.

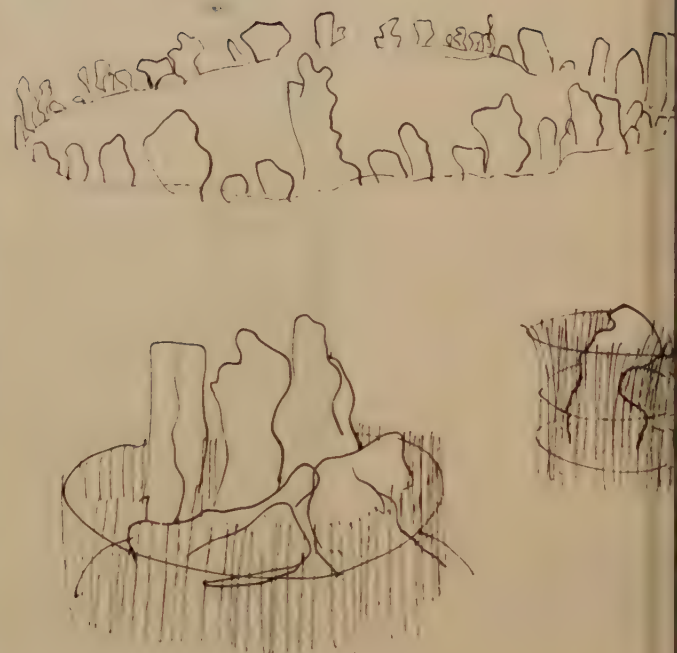
Piper was born in 1903 at Epsom, not far from London. From the age of twelve he took a particular delight in church-visiting. Ecclesiology in England is by no means a dry or monotonous subject; parish churches for more than eight centuries have presented a compendium or aggregate of good or interesting work—and this not merely in their structure, but in the sculptured monuments, furniture, and stone and plasterwork with which they are embellished. In their windows and monuments a whole mythology, a world of symbols, is preserved; and often they are placed in the landscape with an art which in itself challenges the painter's eye. Church visiting is not a profession, however, and Piper was trained to be a solicitor. Actually he never practised as one, but his legal grounding strengthened his natural powers of analysis and gave him a well-based assurance in debate. Piper was twenty-five when he elected to become a professional artist, and for some years he supported himself by journalism. His topographical interests, though never laid aside, were not for some eight years a prime source-book for his painting. He had, for instance, long enjoyed that most delightful form of vernacular writing—the local guidebook; the illustrations to these ramshackle and intensely personal productions greatly influenced him at one time and he still speaks of them with affection. His debuts were made, however, under quite other auspices.

It is difficult in a few lines to recapture the giant shadows beneath which British artists worked in the late 1920's; many periods more remote in time can be more readily imagined. One may at least instance the hegemony, in the theater, of the:

# OXON



LEFT: Cover of the "Shell Guide" to Oxfordshire, illustrated with Piper's own photographs and published by the Shell Oil Company in 1938. RIGHT: A drawing from the "Shell Guide"—Rollright Stones at the edge of Cotswold Ridge, after Stonehenge and Avebury, the most celebrated in England.



Diaghilev ballet; in esthetic controversy, of Wyndham Lewis; in the novel, of D. H. Lawrence; and in painting, of Picasso. Piper took eagerly to these, and also to the piano concertos of Mozart, the painting of Dunoyer de Segonzac, and the pictorial weather-poetry of Thomson and Crabbe. He has retained a great admiration for D. H. Lawrence, and one may sense this in the vehemence which often informs, in his hands, the simplest pastoral subject. In 1933 he visited Paris, where he met Hélieon, Braque, Léger, and Brancusi. The next five years he gave almost wholly to abstract and experimental art. Many works of this period show a natural energy of design, combined with an inherited honesty of statement, which make them, I think, peculiarly enjoyable even for those who do not normally feel sympathy with abstractions. Topography was allowed outlet only through the camera at this time; but sometimes, in collages, fragments of sheet-music, cigarette packages, table mats, and private correspondence were used to produce a likeness of known objects; one might say of these delightful works, as Jean Cocteau has said of Satie's music, that they are "the poetry of childhood, overtaken by a technician". Gradually, by way of collages, paintings of harbors and lighthouses and a nursery frieze for children, Piper worked his way back to representation.

In this, as in everything else, he set to work to examine the great models—Cotman, Turner, Girtin—seeking out each in his own haunt; thus he pursued Girtin into Denbighshire, Wilson to the top of Cader Idris, James Ward to Gordale Scar. Not that the result was a pastiche; the long discipline of abstraction enabled him, by tracing the great sources of English art, to find his own surest roots. He had favorite places of his own—the remote valley of Hafod in central Wales, the four-mile stretch of Brighton front, a Roman amphitheater at Festiniog or the estate of West Wycomb, with its yellow Italianate mansion

and eccentric park. Piper is often a gay painter, and looks a fluent one; for this reason, and because he enjoys bizarre and frivolous buildings, he has had a good deal of easy adulation. This may in part be adjusted by several impressive series of paintings which he has recently done. These are of Windsor Castle (commissioned by Her Majesty the Queen), of Knole, the home of the Sackville family, and of Renishaw Hall, the home of Sir Osbert Sitwell. This last series numbers over a dozen paintings, and culminates in an immense free fantasia, over twelve feet in length, on themes from Renishaw and its neighborhood. The volume of his work bears witness to an indestructible talent; he has found time also to write a book about British romantic artists, and a number of illustrated articles on favorite towns (Norwich, Devizes, and Blandford), and on the texture and color of English buildings. Piper has a deeply professional eye, and his knowledge of the English scene is far more than merely pictorial.

He has done also a great many paintings as an official war artist; of these the subjects of bomb damage are best known, but it is curious to note that in others the unnatural marks of war have left upon our landscape reproduce almost exactly the earth-mounds, barrows, and vertical stones which Piper, as archaeologist, has always liked to paint. Piper's current achievement is impressive enough; but more heartening for the future is the Wordsworthian singleness of mind with which he seems always to be reaching for some new source of power and strength. (One might also compare Piper's knowledge of building with Wordsworth's passionate and practical care for his favorite great trees.) Piper never takes a holiday; but even so it will be many years before, in completing his portrait of England, he gives us at the same time the completed portrait of himself.



John Piper: SCHOOLHOUSE,  
 Eccleswell, gouache, 20 x  
 15½ inches. Buchholz Gal-  
 lery, New York City.

John Piper: RENISHAW HALL, THE ROOF, gouache, 20 x 14¾. Part of a series of the Sitwell Estate commissioned by Sir Osbert.



For Everyone



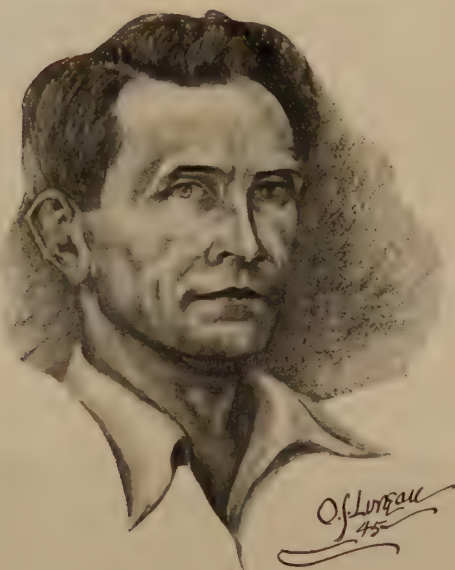
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OMER LUNEAU, a native of New Hampshire, is a "rare find" in contemporary American painting. His well-deserved New York debut will be at the Argent Gallery, from April 30th through May 12th. He had a one-man show at Dartmouth College, N. H., and in his native State; won a first prize award at the Home Defense Show with his water color "Ingenuity N. H."

A member of the New Hampshire Art Group, American Artists Professional League, his work has been greatly admired by some of America's foremost water colorists, among them Andrew Wyeth, who wrote of his *Waiting for Spring* "the color is fine and it has real feeling."

Mr. Luneau writes from his Tilton (New Hampshire) studio.

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# EXPERTS DISAGREE

By CHILDE REESE

IF there is one thing on which most artists will agree it is that the general public can have but little notion of what art is all about. After all, the business of art is a complex and highly-exacting study, and to expect that the ordinary layman would have the time or energy to fathom its mysteries is perhaps to demand the impossible. Consequently, it is not surprising that the public's ideas on art are vague; what may be surprising is that the artists' ideas are little clearer. For if artists agree on disagreeing with the public, they seldom agree among themselves. It may be no more than human to find fault with one's professional colleagues, to take them to task when their aims, their methods, their ideals are different; but is it astonishing that in the absence of a common criterion the public does not know what to believe? Is it any wonder that people are bewildered when they find the artists so confused?

It was Aristotle who said that art is imitation. Let us concede that Aristotle did not know much about art. After all, he was only a Greek who was unfortunate enough to be a philosopher, not an artist. But what about Picasso? Surely if any one is competent to judge on art Picasso is the man. He has taste, originality and an inexhaustible talent. He is the most celebrated, perhaps the most gifted, artist of our day. What is one to think, however, when this indefatigable preceptor of the fine arts makes the statement: "Through art we express our conceptions of what nature is not"—a quip which Whistler himself, the author of "nature is usually wrong," might have envied. Should we therefore conclude that Picasso must be right? But Courbet, the 19th century realist, was of a different mind. He said: "Beauty lies in nature. . . . The painter has no right to add to it. The beauty afforded by nature stands above all artistic conventions." So there we have Picasso and Courbet making faces at one another from the opposite poles of art. Artists are like that. Was it not the very fountainhead of French classicism, the great Poussin, before whose altar artists great and small do humbly genuflect, who said: "A noble subject matter should be chosen, one free of worldly aday grime." Shades of our realistic progenitors, of Millet, Courbet and Manet! For it was Millet, an honest man and sincere, who declared: "One can start from any point whatever and arrive at the sublime, can express the sublime by means of any subject matter if one's aim is high enough." To which the doughty Courbet added: "I give you real nature crudities, violences and all."

And then there was the romantic Delacroix, a brilliant intellect and a power in the history of modern art. No artist is now so great as not to do him justice. But when Delacroix was made a member of the Academy, the great Ingres exclaimed: "Now the wolf is in the sheepfold!" Delacroix had occasion to return the compliment, for on seeing Ingres' retrospective exhibition he said: "The complete expression of an incomplete intelligence,"—a witticism just wicked enough to be true. But let us not deceive ourselves; although a paladin of the Academy, Ingres was no hollow mockery of an unhallowed tradition; rather did he bear the sacred torch with respect and understanding. Stated the high priest of classicism whose genius lay in his impeccable line: "Drawing is the probity of art." Surely a good, an irreproachable phrase? But appears one Goya, a Spaniard not unknown to fame, who says: "The Aca-



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demicians always talk about lines, never about masses. Where does one see lines in nature?" Certainly Cézanne did not see them when he uttered his famous battle-cry: "Everything in nature takes its form from the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder." A remarkable man, Cézanne; art was never the same afterwards. Like Abraham, he fathered a mighty race, although Cézanne did complain in a letter to his son: "All my compatriots are asses compared to me." We must make allowance for the petulance of genius, especially the misunderstood genius. What if Whistler, another misunderstood genius, said of Cézanne on seeing his portrait of Mlle. Cézanne: "If a six-year-old child had drawn that on his slate, his mother, if she were a good mother, would have whipped him." We know Whistler said clever things; he enjoyed the gentle art of making enemies. But making enemies was surely not the reason that impelled Edward Burne-Jones to say of a Whistler nocturne: "It would be impossible to call it a serious work of art." For Edward Burne-Jones was a serious man who, at the far reaches of his pre-Raphaelite mind, undoubtedly believed what he said about Whistler. It is only fair to add, however, that Whistler retorted: "Really, somebody ought to burn Jones' pictures."

To be sure, most artists are serious men; one does not understand the privations of being an artist merely to be funny. Perhaps we might be forgiven for saying that artists are never so funny as when they are most serious. Consider Gérôme, that traditionalist incarnate, profound in his self-assumed knowledge of good and evil. This custodian of the sacred canons of art was not one to take kindly to the world outside the Academy. Of a Monet painting Gérôme was reported to have said: "A blank canvas, bought from the dealer and put in a frame—nothing more! Absolutely nothing!" Cézanne was more charitable. "Monet," he declared, "is a magnificent eye, but only an eye." Poor Monet! Maybe he did lack a feeling for solidity, the form in which Cézanne excelled, but surely Renoir, Renoir of the glorious brush, the firm hips, the luminous if solid flesh, was not deficient in that respect? And yet—we find Manet, a man who was nobody's fool, remarking to Monet: "You're a good friend of Renoir; you ought to advise him to give up painting. You can see for yourself I haven't the ghost of a show." So much for Renoir—and for Manet's prophetic soul!

Cézanne, however, was not the only renowned painter to take impressionism lightly. Commenting on the impressionists, Gauguin said: "When they speak of their art, what is it? An art purely superficial, nothing but coquetting, purely material; imagination does not inhabit it." Gauguin, we observe, was on the side of Cézanne. But when someone mentioned to Cézanne that "Gauguin likes your paintings very much and has imitated you," Cézanne replied: "That is all very well, but he has never understood me. I never have and never will agree to the absence of modelling or gradation; that is nonsense. Gauguin is not a painter; he has only turned out fantastic figures." But lest we think too harshly of Cézanne, let us remember that El Greco, from whom all moderns stem, said of Michelangelo that he was "a good sort of man, but did not know how to paint." Is it surprising that Cézanne could make nothing of Gauguin when the Sistine Chapel fell flat on El Greco?

Verily, in art all is mystery and vexation of spirit. Style, for instance. Said Sir Joshua Reynolds, that ponderous ornament of English art and letters: "Style in painting is the same as in writing—a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed." One cannot

ot quarrel with that, surely? Who does not recall Buffon's immortal phrase, "le style est l'homme même"? To be sure, Buffon was not an artist, he was only a naturalist of genius. But Courbet, a genius of naturalism, in his way demolished the great Buffon, as well as Sir Joshua and a whole legion of artists in one fell swoop by flatly stating: "Style is humbug." It was the same earthy Courbet who shouted: "Show me a goddess and I will paint one." Poor mad Blake declared on the contrary: "It is fool's play to copy what the eye has seen." Nor was Blake jesting, for he went on to say: "A man puts a model before him, and paints it so neat as to make it a deception. Now ask any man of sense, is that art?" What shall the layman say? Perhaps the mistake Blake made was to appeal to a *man of sense*, a strange position for a mystic to take. Certainly Sir Joshua Reynolds, the author of the celebrated "Discourses," was a man of sense by any worldly standards. But Blake said of Sir Joshua that he had been "hired by Satan to depress art."

It is all confusing, no doubt. Speaking of a much-lauded battle-piece by the historical maestro Meissonier, Manet said: "Everything in it is of steel except the armour." A clever man, Manet, a master of *le mot juste*—to say nothing of the brush. And then we read Rossetti, the English painter and poet, who wrote in 1864, that period of rich creative ferment: "The new French school is simple putrescence and decomposition. There is a man named Manet whose pictures are for the most part mere scrawls and who seems to be one of the lights of the school. Courbet the head of it is not much better." What is one to think? Maybe the fact that Courbet had said: "The museums should be closed for twenty years, so that today's painters may begin to see the world with their own eyes," rankled the author of "The Blessed Damozel" who looked at the world through the golden bars of a pre-Raphaelite heaven.

"Artists, like the Greek gods, are only revealed to one another," wrote Oscar Wilde. A facile phrase—let us give the sun-gower aesthete his due. But is it true? If it is, what prompted Guérin to say of Géricault, the famed precursor of Delacroix, "besides, your paintings are those of a madman." Nor was Delacroix himself any respecter of divinity when he said: "Ingres is a Chinaman lost in Athens." The caustic Degas, with tongue like the bite of a whiplash, remarked of Gustave Moreau, a painter lavish in his use of bejewelled color: "He is the kind of person who would put gold watch-chains on the Olympian gods." Neat—but surely no pinch of incense there. And think of Kenyon Cox reporting of the famous Armory Show of 1913: "The thing is pathological! It's hideous. . . . Many of Matisse's paintings are simply the exaltation to a gallery of the drawings of a nasty boy!" After all, how was a Kenyon Cox to understand a Matisse in this—or any other world? And this same Matisse, excoriated for being a *Fauve*, a wild man himself, exclaimed contemptuously of a canvas by Braque: "It is cubist!" Even Blake, that not too-gentle man of God, jotted down on the margins of Reynolds' "Discourses": "The Enquiry in England is not whether a man has Talent and Genius but whether he is Passive and Polite and a Virtuous Ass." No, with all respect for Wilde's aphorism, artists are perhaps no more infallible about one another than they are about themselves.

Sir David Wilkie, a painter of some note in his day, remarked: "To know the taste of the public, to know what will best please the employer, is, to an artist, the most valuable of knowledge." Well, well. . . . Must we conjure up the shades of Cézanne, Courat, Whistler or Modigliani to tell us how they would regard this gratuitous piece of advice? The very thought of making

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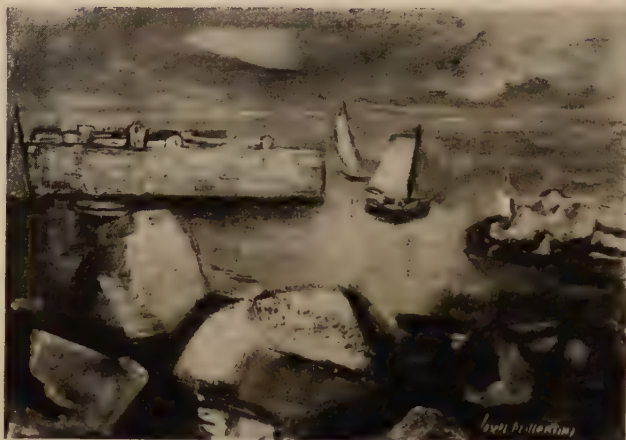
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art popular would set their collective teeth on edge. Nor can we blame them, for unless a man be original what virtue is there in art? And yet, originality is the very stuff that breeds dissent not only with the public, but with the artist who ought to know better. Consider Toulouse-Lautrec, for example. Declared to be a gifted master of the vitriolic brush: "The painter of pure landscape is an imbecile. Nothing counts but the figure. Landscape can be nothing except as accessory." Granted that Toulouse-Lautrec was a man of intelligence, what are we to make of such pure landscape painters as Corot, Constable, Sisley and Monet? Or if it is solely a matter of opinion, then wherein does opinion differ from horse racing? Remember that we are quoting artists who presumably know whereof they speak.

And few spoke more eloquently—or as often—as Rodin. Said this eminent French master: "No artist will ever surpass Phidias—for progress exists in the world but not in art. The greatest of sculptors who appeared at a time when the whole human dream could blossom in the pediment of a temple would remain forever without an equal." A beautiful passage—though untrue—in the eyes of Gauguin, at least. For was it not the latter who uttered this solemn warning: "Have before you always the Persians, the Cambodians, and a little of the Egyptians. The great error is the Greek, however beautiful it may be." Obviously Rodin and Gauguin did not see eye to eye. No more, for that matter, than did Delacroix and Degas, since it was the former who wrote in his Journal: "Execution, in painting, should always have about it something of improvisation;" while the latter remarked: "Nothing in art should seem to be accidental, not even movement." It was also Degas who, insisting in his acidulous way that painting was not a sport and that he could do landscapes as well in his studio, maintained that: "With a bowl of soup and three old brushes one can compose the finest landscape ever painted." Not that Degas did not believe nature had its place; he simply felt that its place was indoors. But fancy Monet looking for nature indoors!

Truly, art is mystery and vexation of spirit. How much simpler it would be to hold with Gauguin: "What does it matter so long as it is art." Which brings us back to the question of what is art. Perhaps the confusion lies in the association of two separate ideas, the idea of art and the idea of beauty. In reality dissimilar, these ideas by an unconscious process of evolution have been identified with one another until they are now synonymous in most peoples' minds. Everyone responds to beauty but not everyone responds to the same idea of beauty. Certainly Renoir's conception of beauty is different from that of Cézanne, nor is El Greco's the same as Raphael's. What then is the constant factor that makes for a work of art irrespective of the idea of beauty, which is but an expression of one's cultural norms? Perhaps *character* is the answer. And by *character* we mean the creative unity, the realization of the sum of innate qualities that distinguish and give to each object its own peculiar significance, isolated in time and space by reason of its form.

For example, an Egyptian or Indian sculpture may or may not be beautiful in the occidental sense, but it arouses admiration by the fidelity to the material in which it is conceived and from which is born a structural harmony, a subtle unity of planes within the plastic mass that is the *character* of the thing expressed. On the grounds of beauty alone the Praxitelean Hermes may not appeal to a Chinese mandarin whose concept of beauty is conditioned by an alien culture, and the coffin-lid portrait in encaustic would offend the 5th century

ek by its merciless exposure of soul. Yet each is the prod-  
of its own background and carries out the thought of its  
with proper respect for the means employed—in other  
ds, it has *character*. One may disagree as to their ultimate  
ne of distinction; one may prefer a more architectonic  
are to the Hermes, or an El Greco to the Greco-Egyptian  
austic, but that is simply a difference in degree, not in kind.  
To say that Rembrandt's *Christ Healing the Sick* is a beau-  
l etching is to utter a platitude, but to say that it has  
racter is to draw a parallel with art the world over, with  
hinese drawing as with a Goya lithograph. We may say that  
Rembrandt has dignity and nobility, qualities presumably  
taining to beauty, that it has a deep and all-consuming  
ritual fervor—and we would be right, but are these quali-  
necessarily true of a Japanese color print, or an Assyrian  
-relief? Do we find them, for instance, in Goya's bull-  
ts? Or, to choose another field, is it dignity and nobility  
t make the ribald Falstaff one of the most vital creations  
all literature? Is it not rather that the character is so admir-  
y drawn, so magnificently conceived, that the life he  
athes is the richer for the very imperfections that genius  
bestowed on him? Think of an Iago apotheosized by his  
villainy! The function of art is not to cajole and flatter  
sentiments or to create beauty in our own image; it is to  
reate, to enhance nature by imparting life to new forms.  
e may find the process disconcerting as when we first view  
Van Gogh or listen to Stravinsky—or read James Joyce,  
that is the penalty we pay for growing old: to the young  
spirit art is only constant when its forms are forever new.  
Viewed in this light it is perhaps not surprising that artists,  
ng human, take each other to task. Indeed it may be said  
t only to the extent that artists disagree with one another  
they able to fulfill their genius. For an artist to evolve,  
bring to a flame the creative spark he must needs wrestle  
h his soul, and the very struggle must of necessity blind him  
the virtues of others. Consequently, it should not astonish  
that Courbet does not agree with Poussin, or Ingres with  
lacroix, or El Greco with Michelangelo. But we need not  
spair of their respective stature; in the house of art there  
many mansions, and who knows but that on the heights  
Parnassus Cézanne can converse with Raphael on equal  
ms?

*Come to us tomorrow evening and  
we will dine - and have much more from  
you - old man D. - sublimely its  
revolution of the arrow -*

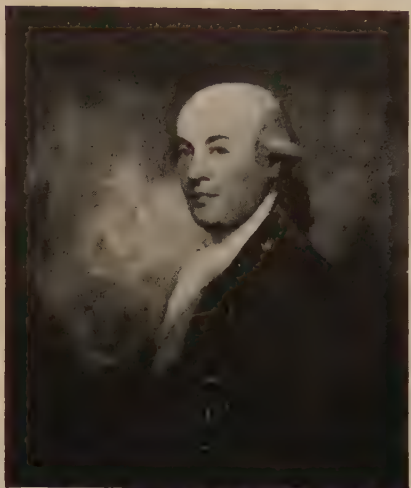
*I have by about 7.30.*

*Always*

*W. M. W.*

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Conclusion of a letter from Whistler to his publisher about his  
successful suit against Ruskin. Moneybags denote damages paid.



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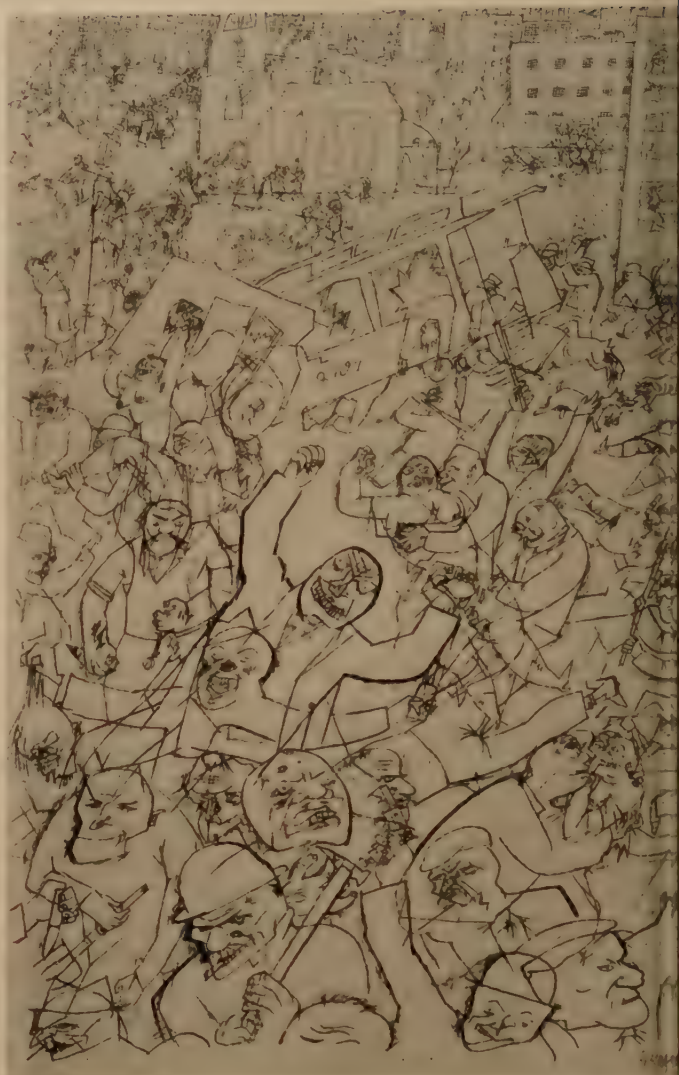
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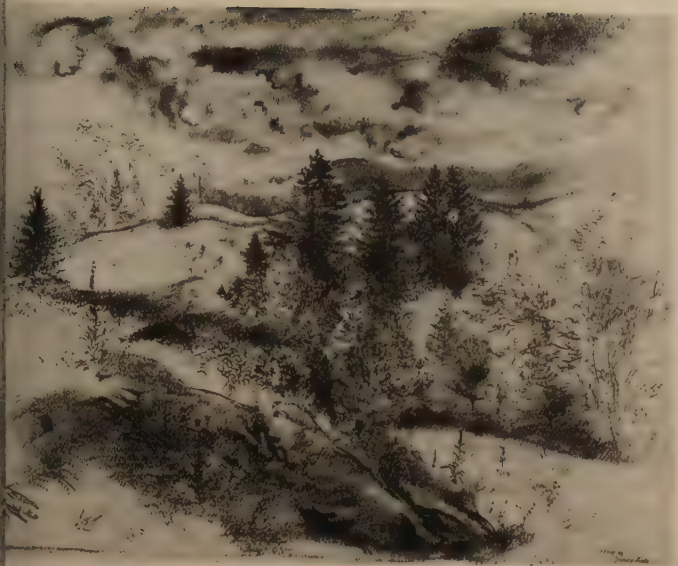


PANDAEMONIUM AUGUST 1914. From "George Grosz Drawings"

*George Grosz Drawings*. 52 plates with an introduction by the artist. New York, H. Bittner & Co., 1944. \$12.00

There has been a steadily growing interest in drawings in this country. After years of neglect on the part of our museum collectors, art critics, publishers, things have changed thoroughly in this respect. A few years ago there was almost no market for drawings, either old or contemporary, on this side of the Atlantic. Had it not been for the pioneering work, and unstinting enthusiasm which was shown by a few collectors of exceptional discrimination, the newly awakened interest on the part of our broader public would not have had the wealth of material at its disposal for study. The collectors of drawings in this country, up to very recently, could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Drawings, though they are at the beginning of the creative process in art, stand at the end of the development of the spectator's taste and understanding. The "finished" picture, sculpture, print, is more readily understood, for in it the artist's ideas have been developed to a conclusion, they are the sum total of his creative mental processes and, though the spectator frequently may not be able to follow the artist through all of them, he nevertheless is apt to find a num-



TREES AT GARNET LAKE, 1939. From "George Grosz Drawings".

elements in the finished product to which he responds and which he understands.

Drawings, however, are never a completed work per se—unless they have been made with full pictorial intent, when they are no longer drawings in the true sense. Drawings are the first formulation of ideas or an idea. They are more apt to imply rather than to state an idea. They constitute the artist's research and experiments in movement, form, rhythm, light and shade, and their interrelationship. They constitute the artist's most intimate, soul-seeking self-communication. He speaks to himself and not to his audience and that is why the enjoyment of drawings requires a degree of mental adaptation and self-detachment on the part of the spectator which can only be acquired through full maturity of his taste and artistic comprehension. The fact that a wider public has begun to focus its interest on drawings in this country proves that taste and artistic appreciation have greatly matured.

There have been a number of noteworthy publications on drawings issued in the United States recently. Some of them are merely ambitious and failed to fulfill their avowed purpose. Such was a volume entitled "History and Technique of Master Drawings", by Charles de Tolnay, which was published by the same publisher who has now issued a really outstanding volume. "George Grosz Drawings" is a real contribution to the drawing field. This handsome volume contains 52 excellent halftone plates (three of them in color) of studies by an artist whose name is best known through his vitriolic social satires which were executed after World War I. Here we are confronted with a new Grosz, an artist who is infinitely more creative in his exquisite studies from nature than in the earlier work for which he became famous. Grosz, the satirist, was so totally negative in his outlook on human nature (who, really, could blame him for that?), so self-destructive, that his pen never dared sweep fully over the paper—in an act of self-erasure as it were. His fingers were as cramped as his anguished soul. His was not the relaxing chuckle of a Daumier but a bitter sardonic grin.

But then Grosz changed, in 1932, when he came to this country to live. He becomes relaxed, he feels freed from the menacing hatreds of his surroundings. He becomes an ardent student of nature. He draws gnarled trees, sheaves of grass, stones, insects, and he discovers for himself a new world. Perhaps the timelessness of nature brought him freedom from

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the haunting bestiality of humanity. The new Grosz reveals himself as a successor to the great masters of German drawing, based solidly on its tradition but entirely contemporary in aspect. He is profoundly preoccupied with textures, the difference between a heavy closely woven draped cloth and the deep folds in a pillow. Here his studies tend to be thick and heavy in their interpretation and at times stiflingly stag. Personally, I greatly prefer his much more lively and, I feel, more sensitive pen drawings. There is an aggressive, incisive power in them which many of his pencil studies of drapery and the human figure seem to lack. Nevertheless, his use of pencil shows rare sensitivity, particularly in his excellent portrait studies. There he develops a grace of line which is unexpected in him as it is spontaneous and real.

The selection of plates is excellent and comprehensive; the reproductions are of almost pre-war quality; layout and binding clear-cut, serviceable, and in very good taste. George Grosz' own introduction is a valuable document. Those responsible for the publication are to be congratulated on an important job well done. We hope that this is but the first of a series of similar monographs of contemporary drawings. My only regret that the price—\$12.00—will place it out of the reach of the many artists and students who would benefit enormously from the study of good drawings. Perhaps, in some way, the publisher can find a solution for this problem. Elimination of binding cost by issuing a certain number of copies with loose plates in an inexpensive paper folder might be one step in the right direction; reduction of the number of color plates, which are not essential toward the study of George Grosz' work, another.

—CARL O. SCHNIEWINDT

*Masterpieces of Painting from the National Gallery of Art*, edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker. Random House, New York, distributors, 1944. \$6.50.

*Degas, A Portfolio of 10 Reproductions*. The Studio Publications, 1945. \$6.00.

During the last twenty-five years our knowledge of 19th century art has made significant progress. This has been a period of intense investigation and the result has been a number of publications which—although some of them seem fragmentary in their completeness—invite further studies by putting essential documents before the reader. We now have illustrated catalogues of the works of Cézanne, Manet, Pissarro and van Gogh, we have Loys Delteil's catalogues of the graphic works of almost all the French 19th century masters, as well as catalogues of Gauguin's woodcuts and Degas' sculpture, not to speak of the catalogues of the Degas' sales and Renoir's studies. We know the letters and writings of most of these painters, namely Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Manet, Pissarro, and Redon, and we possess additional material in the "Archives de l'Impressionnisme" edited by Lionello Venturi, who has been the leading "investigator" in the field. To supplement this there are the memoirs of men who have been closely associated with these artists, like Vollard and Rivière, as well as a series of monographs written by personal friends of the painters: Geffroy on Monet, Joyant on Lautrec, Lafond on Degas, Morice on Gauguin, etc., or by skillful historians after years of minute research. Paralleling these efforts, Lloyd Goodrich and others have investigated with the greatest care the American art of the same period.

much, however, remains to be done. To the scholar, the task and will appear even more important than what has already been achieved, yet it would seem that enough has now been accomplished to facilitate and guide the work of those authors and editors who content themselves with publications of vulgarization without much research for new data and documents. What makes such vulgarization particularly rewarding is the fact that most of the basic publications mentioned above are available in English editions and/or are too expensive to reach the large public of students, artists, etc., except through libraries. The perfection of the different processes of reproduction and the possibility of publishing popular books in large editions, thus bringing volumes with many plates in black and white or in color within everyone's reach—all these factors assign to the cheap and richly illustrated art book an immensely important place. The trouble with the publications discussed in the last issue was that they were done without care or knowledge. Another difficulty with this kind of book is the obvious reluctance of publishers to do any pioneering, and their preference for subjects that are sure "hits," such as Cézanne and Renoir, or for authors such as Mr. Craven. For instance, in spite of the fact that Oxford Press (Phaidon) brought out, several years ago, a much superior picture book on Cézanne, Hyperion has now brought out another one; Hyperion has even published a book on Renoir, although a book on the same artist had already been produced in Europe by the same publisher, and Hyperion now publishes a Rodin, notwithstanding the fact that there is a very satisfactory book on the sculptor done by the Oxford Press (Phaidon). At the same time, however, there is no book of this kind on Despiiau, there are no adequately illustrated, cheap English books on Ingres, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro or Morisot, and these are but a few names of a list that could easily be extended.

These reflections, which constitute a post-script to the review of recent Hyperion publications in the last issue of the MAGAZINE OF ART, are intended to prove that books of vulgarization do not necessarily have to be vulgar, that enough research has been done to enable the editors of such books to make careful selections, present these comprehensibly and write informative and correct introductions. But this contention is even better illustrated by some recent publications.

The volume *George Grosz Drawings* published by H. Bittner and Co. (reviewed in this issue by Carl O. Schniewind) is not actually a book of vulgarization because of its high price due to expensive paper and printing, the complicated technique chosen for the colorplates, etc. The care with which this book has been produced and the high quality of the materials and processes used make it a true accomplishment of scrupulous and tasteful bookmaking. Yet it is not here that the real quality of this publication lies; it is to be found in the intelligent choice of drawings, in their more or less chronological arrangement and their harmonious presentation. Thus the volume offers both enjoyment and an excellent opportunity to study the linear achievements of one of the outstanding draftsmen of our time. The reader immediately asks: Why cannot inexpensive art books be edited with similar care and taste? This question is more justified as these two qualities, care and taste, are not among the factors responsible for the price of this volume. The answer, of course, is that popular books can very well be more satisfactory than most of those recently published in this country. And there is even some hope that they soon will be, for some of the most important American museums have begun to publish books of their own; their publications will combine

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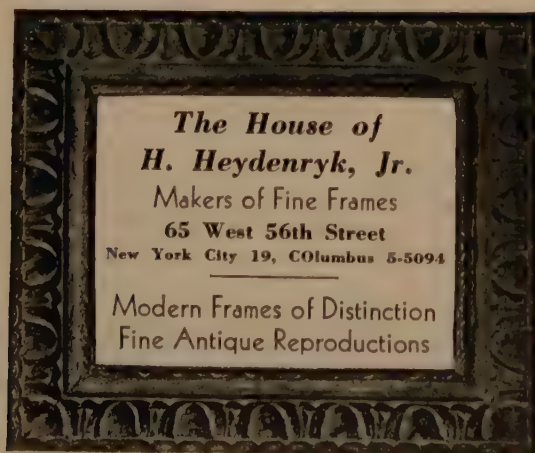
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an erudite editorship with a scrupulously supervised production, especially of colorplates. The National Gallery in Washington has already brought out its "Masterpieces of Painting" the Metropolitan Museum of New York also plans a book of colorplates after its masterpieces which may possibly be the first of a series, and a third important institution is planning a similar publication. While these are mainly "picture books", which there would seem to be a rising demand, it is scarcely necessary to repeat here that in the field of monographs the Museum of Modern Art has set a high standard which other publishers might strive to equal.

Printed on the presses of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and by its Albert Carman, there has appeared a portfolio of ten ballet sketches by Degas (The Studio Publications) which is another encouraging proof that good reproductions can be achieved at relatively low cost. Printed according to a special process invented by Mr. Carman, these reproductions are produced with a screened keyplate and with lithographic plates adding the color accents. The plates are made by hand.

The Degas portfolio is a new venture which deserves high praise and should be encouraged. It is therefore with real regret that this reviewer voices some objection. Excellent as they are, the ten sketches of Degas were *not* reproduced after the originals; without exception they were printed after the real extraordinary prints brought out many years ago by a French publisher. This does not mean, however, that those who buy this beautiful portfolio do not get their money's worth, for they certainly do—it means only that it is actually an absurdity to produce on the presses of the Metropolitan Museum of Art such careful reproductions after reproductions when the museum itself owns a large choice of originals by Degas (mostly from the Havemeyer bequest), which have never been adequately reproduced. While marveling at the present portfolio one cannot help regretting the plates which—with the same high craftsmanship—might have been made from those originals. Mr. Carman is now working on a Toulouse-Lautrec portfolio, the reproductions of which will, this time, be made exclusively after original lithographs and posters. Their large size (the Degas prints average about 12 x 16 inches) will make them particularly suitable for framing.

It is the volume published by the National Gallery in Washington which is truly representative of what a cleverly conceived and well prepared popular book should look like. As a museum the National Gallery of Art is in the peculiar position of having lived hitherto exclusively on gifts and loans. Magnificent as these may be, they have left certain gaps that can be filled only when the curators of the gallery are able to round out the collection through new acquisitions. Fully aware of this fact the editors of the book have refrained from any attempt to write a general history of art illustrated by examples from the museum, for it is likely that such a procedure would have given these gaps even more emphasis than they actually warranted. Quite on the contrary and quite logically, Huntington

## LENA GURR

Recent Paintings

April 16-21

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urns and John Walker have rather presented the remarkable measures which the National Gallery since its recent establishment unites under one roof. To do this most effectively, they have treated every painting for itself and have accompanied each of the 85 large color plates with an interpretive passage from the world's literature. This idea is not only ingenious and admirably suited in this particular instance—it is new. The passages range from Dante and Boccaccio, Hegel and Baedeker, to Zola, Claudel, Virginia Woolf, and Somerset Maugham; they are, almost without exception, chosen with rare intelligence and create an interesting "background" for the paintings opposite which they are reproduced. Small notes at the bottom provide the essential information about the paintings. Because of this presentation the reader will hardly be aware of the gaps mentioned above: Poussin, Cranach, Breughel, Ingres, Delacroix, Courbet, to give but a few of the most important names. Not only is he not made to expect completeness, but the presentation does not even encourage reading from one end of the book to the other. The best way to enjoy and to profit from this rich volume is to select but a few works at a time, to read and to look carefully—at whatever page he opens, the reader is certain to find ample food for thought and delight. The color plates are surprisingly good for a publication printed in a large edition. They are superior not only to the productions of any low priced books of recent years—they are far better than what most expensive publications have to offer. And they have the advantage of being of a size which permits close study and offers a fair impression of the original. If other American institutions likewise manage to publish books so well conceived and executed then we may hope there will be no place left for the producers of books "cheap" in every sense of the word. Then the popular and low priced art book will be an instrument of education and satisfy the ever rising need of which unscrupulous publishers now take advantage.

—JOHN REWALD.

Vladimir Kemenov, president of VOKS (Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries); Alexander Karaganov, vice-president of VOKS; Mr. Kouprianov, artist; and Mr. Sokolov, artist, unpack art publications and supplies sent to Soviet artists by the art committee of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship.



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# APRIL AND MAY EXHIBITIONS IN AMERICA

All information is supplied by exhibitors in response to mailed questionnaires. Dates are closing dates unless specified.

**ALBANY, N. Y.** *Inst. of History and Art*: Apr. 22: Past Artists of the Albany Area. Apr. 25-June 3: 10th Regional Exhibit, Artists of the Upper Hudson.

**ALFRED, N. Y.** *N. Y. State College of Ceramics*: Apr. 26: Modern Advertising Art (AFA); What is a Building? Sections I & II (AFA).

**AMHERST, MASS.** *Amherst College*: Apr. 30: Wings over the Pacific (Army photos); 8 Watercolorists. *Mass. State College*: Apr. 29: Contemp. Watercolors, Whitney Museum Coll.

**ATHENS, O.** *Ohio Univ. Gal.*: Apr.: Fine Arts Week—Athens Artists. May: Delta Phi Delta.

**ATLANTA, GA.** *Atlanta Univ.*: Apr. 29: 4th Ann. Exhib. of Pntgs., Sculpture, and Prints by Negroes. *High Museum of Art*: Apr. 21-May 10: Junior School Exhib. May 13-24: Contemp. American Pntg.

**AUBURN, N. Y.** *Cayuga Museum*: April: Decorative Old Maps; Ingenious Gadgets. May: Frederic Taubes; Old and New Masters in Color Reproductions.

**BALTIMORE, MD.** *Maryland Inst.*: Apr.: Fashion Sketches, Bendel; Walter B. Swan, Watercolors of Mexico; Night School Exhib.

*Baltimore Mus. of Art*: Apr. 29: Survey of Quilt-Making; Private School Exhib. May 6: Ann. Maryland Artists Exhib. Thru May: 200 Years of Maryland Pntg., 3rd Service Command Exhib.

*Walters Art Gallery*: thru May 1: Portrait Review.

**BINGHAMTON, N. Y.** *Public Library*: Apr.: Binghamton Soc. of Fine Arts, Ann. Exhib. May: Daughters of Famous Artists.

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.** *Public Library*: Apr.: 25th Ann. Exhib. Southern States Art League. May: Birmingham Art Club Jury Show.

**BLOOMINGTON, ILL.** *Illinois Wesleyan Univ.*: Apr. 23-May 14: What is Modern Pntg.?

**BLOOMINGTON, IND.** *Indiana Univ.*: Apr.: What is Good Design? Modern French Pntgs. May: New American Architecture.

**BOSTON, MASS.** *Guild of Boston Artists*: Apr. 23-May 3: Aldro T. Hibbard, pntgs. May 7-31: Guild Spring Exhib. *Institute of Modern Art*: Apr. 28: 8 American Abstractionists. May 1-13: E. Etting, war sketches. *Museum of Fine Arts*: thru May 13: Elizabeth Day McCormick Coll., costumes. *Public Library, Print Dept.*: Apr.: Alphonse Legros; May: Auguste Brouet.

*Vose Gal.*: May 5: James Fitzgerald, watercolors. May 7-26: Frank V. Smith, Ships and the Sea.

**BUFFALO, N. Y.** *Albright Art Gal.*: Apr. 25: Patterman Oil Pntgs. May 23: Maillol Memorial Exhib. Apr. 28-May 6: Photo Guild. May 8-June 24: Buffalo Soc. of Artists.

**BURLINGTON, VT.** *Fleming Museum*: Apr. 29: John Sloan and Mahonri Young, etchings. May 2-29: Vermont School Children.

**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.** *Fogg Museum*: Apr. 29: 20th cent. French Graphic Art; Chinese Pntgs. Loan Exhib.

**CANTON, N. Y.** *St. Lawrence Univ.*: May 1-22: War Art by Life Magazine Artists (AFA).

**CARTHAGE, ILL.** *Carthage College*: Apr. 29: Lt. Wm. A. Bostick, USNR, pntgs. and sketches (AFA). Apr. 30-May 20: Finnish textiles by Marianne Strengell Dusenbury (AFA).

**CHICAGO, ILL.** *Art Institute*: May 13: Encyclopedia Britannica Coll. of Contemp. American Pntg. Thru Sept. 15: Still Life Comes to Life. *Chicago Galleries Assoc.*: Apr.: Assoc. of Chicago Pnters. and Sculptors Exhib. May: Esther R. Richardson and Mattie Lietz, pntgs. *Mandel Bros.*: Apr.: North Shore Art Guild; Erwin Kummer, oils. May 7-26: Nellie Deachman, pntgs. Skokie Art Guild.

**CLAREMONT, CALIF.** *Pomona College*: April: Student Sculpture and Pntg.; May: Serigraph Exhib.

**CLEARWATER, FLA.** *Art Museum*: Apr.: Student Work. Clearwater Museum Art School. May 1-15: Fla. Gulf Coast Group, Preliminary. May 15-June 1: Final.

**CLEVELAND, O.** *Museum of Art*: May 1-June 10: Ann. Exhib. by Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen. *Little Gal.*, Cleveland College: April: G. Evans Mitchell, watercolors of English and French Cathedrals. *Ten Thirty Gal.*: Apr. 23-May 5: Pvt. Martin Linsey, watercolors. May 21-June 6: Introd. to Modern Pntg.

**CONCORD, N. H.** *State Library*: Apr.: Maria Kostyshak, pntgs. May: Mrs. Foster Stearns, needlework and designs.

**CORTLAND, N. Y.** *Free Library*: April: Kenneth Washburn, pntgs. May: Oils from Plastic Club in Philadelphia.

**COSHOCOTON, O.** *Johnson-Humrickhouse Museum*: Apr.: Birds, Plants, and Insects, photographic enlargements. May 6-27: High School Art Classes and Print Club Exhib.

**CULVER, IND.** *Military Academy*: Apr. 20-May 20: American Marine Pnters. May 20-June 10: Planning the Modern House.

**DALLAS, TEX.** *Museum of Fine Arts*: May 1: Chas. T. Bowling; Caroline Rosenbaum; Dallas Camera Club. Apr. 22-June 12: Texas Artists. Apr. 29-May 15: 8th Service Command Exhib. May 6-29: High Schools Exhib.; Reid Growell.

**DAYTON, O.** *Art Institute*: April: Joe Jones, pntgs. May: Ohio Art, Sudo Serisowa.

**DECATUR, ILL.** *Art Institute*: May 10-31: Portraits of Abraham Walkowitz (AFA).

**DENVER, COL.** *Art Museum*: May 13: Picasso, pntgs., sculpture, drawings.

**DETROIT, MICH.** *Institute of Arts*: April: Winslow Homer, watercolors. May: Portrait of America.

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.** *Mint Museum, Eastover*: Apr.: Flower and Bird pntgs. and Prints. May 6-31: Mint Mus. Spring Jury Exhib.

**ELGIN, ILL.** *Academy Art Gal.*: Apr.: Disney Originals. May 11-27: Elgin Children's Art.

**ELMIRA, N. Y.** *Arnot Art Gal.*: Apr.: Emma Fordyce Macrae, oils.

**EVANSVILLE, IND.** *Public Museum*: Apr. 29: Modern Dutch Art. May 6-28: Palmer Undersea Pntgs. May 10-31: Look at Your Neighborhood.

**FORT WAYNE, IND.** *Art Museum*: Apr.: Chang Su Chi, pntgs. May: Students Exhib.

**GREEN BAY, WIS.** *Neville Public Museum*: Apr.: All Illinois Soc., pntgs. May 6-30: Green Bay Art Colony Ann. Exhib.

**GREENSBORO, N. C.** *Univ. of N. C. Women's College*: April: John Oppen, pntgs. May 9-June 15: Ann. Student Exhib.

**GRINNELL, IA.** *Grinnell College*: Apr.: Doel Reed, aquatints and drawings.

**HAGERSTOWN, MD.** *Washington County Museum of Fine Arts*: Apr.: Contemp. American Pntg. May: Ann. Public School Exhib.

**HARTFORD, CONN.** *Wadsworth Athenaeum*: April: What the Boys Send Home.

**HOUSTON, TEX.** *Museum of Fine Arts*: Apr. 29: Straus Collection. May 5-28: Student Exhib.

**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.** *John Herron Art Institute*: Apr. 29: Russian Icons; Photos of Russian Historic and Cultural Monuments.

**KALAMAZOO, MICH.** *Kalamazoo Institute of Arts*: May 1: Milton and Pincho Horn, photos. Margaret Hart, pntgs. May: Ann. School Show.

**KANSAS CITY, MO.** *Wm. Rockhill Nelson Gal.*: Apr. 30: Contemp. American Pntg. May 6-30: Pntgs. by Merchant Seamen (AFA).

**KINGSTON, R. I.** *R. I. State College*: Apr. 27: Ancestral Sources of Modern Pntg. May 1-15: American furniture, glass, textiles. May 15-June 1: Student Workshop.

**LAWRENCE, KAN.** *Thayer Museum*: Apr.: Albert Bloch, Raymond Eastwood, Karl Mattern, pntgs. Apr. 29-May 19: Needlework. May 10-31: Chinese Children Picture the War.

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.** *Fisher Gal.*: indef.: Hudson River School. *Dalzell Hatfield Gal.*: Apr.: Dan Lutz, pntgs. May: Jean de Botton. *Los Angeles County Museum*: Apr. 22: 1st Biennial American Drawings. Apr. 29: Emery Gellert, pntgs. Apr. 29-June 10: 6th Ann. Exhib. Local Artists. May: A. S. Weiner, pntgs. *Stendahl Gal.*: Apr. 21: S. McDonald Wright. Apr. 23-May 5: Ferdinand Carrere.

**LOWELL, MASS.** *Whistler's Birthplace*: Apr.: Dorothy Fairbanks, pntgs.

**MADISON, WIS.** *Univ. of Wisconsin*: Apr. 23-May 11: 17th Ann. Student Exhib. May 12-June 4: Faculty Art Show.

**MANCHESTER, N. H.** *Currier Gal.*: Apr.: Frederic Taubes, pntgs. Mortimer Borne, etchings. Maria Kostyshak, watercolors. May: Martha Sawyer, illustration originals. Grandma Moses, oils.

**MASSILLON, O.** *Massillon Museum*: Apr.: Wings Over the Pacific; Lloyd R. Jones, watercolors; Merrill Coll., textiles. May: Natl. Assoc. Women Artists, traveling exhib.; Classroom.

**MIDDLETOWN, CONN.** *Wesleyan Univ.*: Apr.: Photos of Garden Sculpture. May: Landscape Prints of the Danube School.

**MILWAUKEE, WIS.** *Layton Art Gal.*: thru April: Dorothy Merideth, pntg., ceramics, weaving. Paula Gerard, pntgs. May: Helen Balfour Morrison, photo portraits. Servicemen's watercolors.

*Art Institute*: Apr. 29: 32nd Ann. Exhib. of Wisconsin Art.

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.** *Institute of Arts*: May 6: Persian Miniatures. Apr. 21-May 20: Chinese Sculpture, loan Exhib.

*University Gal.*: Apr. 24: Built in U.S.A.; 19th century Railroads. Apr. 26-May 24: Cuban Art.

*Walker Art Center*: May 1-31: Minnesota Sculpture Annual. May 2-July 1: Advertising Art—Annual N.Y. Art Directors exhib.

**MONTCLAIR, N. J.** *Art Museum*: April: Pntgs. by the Dialists. May: Work of Children's Art Classes.

**MUSKEGON, MICH.** *Hackley Art Gal.*: Apr.: A century of Photography. Netherlands American Photographs. May: Permanent Collections.

**NEW ORLEANS, LA.** *Isaac Delgado Museum*: Apr. 23: Pntgs. by Merchant Seamen (AFA). May: Winifred Palmer Prather.

**NEW YORK, N. Y.** *American British Art Center*, 44 W. 56: Apr. 21: Wolfgang Roth. Apr. 24-May 5: Frances Pratt. *An American Place*, 509 Madison Av.: May 22: Arthur G. Dove. *Argent Gal.*, 42 W. 57: Apr. 28: Mary Aubrey Keating, watercolors. Esther F. Carter and Maria Norman, pntgs. Apr. 30-May 12: E. R. Fulda and Omer Luneau, pntgs. May 14-June 26: Natl. Assoc. Women Artists Summer Exhib. *Assoc. American Artists*, 711 5th Av.: May 5: Wm. Gropp, pntgs. May 7-26: Arnold Blanch. *Babcock Gal.*, 38 E. 57: May: 19th and 20th century American Artists. *Bignou Gal.*, 32 E. 57: Apr. 28: Grigory Gluckmann, pntgs. *Mortimer Brandt Gal.*, 15 E. 57: April: Faces of Today. May 2-26: Stamos, Vassilief, Sterne, Hill and Graham, pntgs. *Brooklyn Museum*, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Apr. 29: 13th Biennial Watercolor Exhib. May 20: Maillol Prints. Apr. 20-June 10: Navajo Blankets. Apr. 27-June 3: Violins. *Burchholz Gal.*, 32 E. 57: May 12: André Masson. *Geo. Chapellier Gal.*, 48 E. 57: English Landscapes and portraits. American and European Old Masters. *Cornford Gal.*, 37 W. 57: thru May: Andrew T. Schwartz, Vermont Landscapes. *Contemporary Arts*, 106 E. 57: Apr. 20: Stephen Csoka, pntgs. May 4: Alvin Sella, pntgs. May 6-25: Edmund Quincy, pntgs. *Downtown Gal.*, 43 E. 51: Apr. 28: Yasuo Kuniyoshi, pntgs. and drawings. *Paul Drey Gal.*, 11 E. 57: Apr. and May: Old Master Paintings, 15th-19th centuries. *Durlacher Bros.*, 11 E. 57: Apr.: Edward Melcarth, pntgs. and drawings. *Eighth St. Gal.*, 33 W. 8: Apr. 30: Lorillard Wolfe Club. May 1-15: Art Fair. May 16-31: Gotham Painters. *Feragil Gal.*, 63 E. 57: Apr. 28: Cotton; Gladys Young. *460 Park Avenue Gal.*: Apr. and May: Contemp. American Portraits. *Grolier Club*, 47 E. 60: Apr. 20-June 1: Latin American Prints and books since World War I. *Arthur H. Harlow*, 42 E. 57: Apr.: Brockhurst, etchings. May: Outstanding 19th and 20th century prints. *Jacob Hirsch*, 30 W. 54: indef.: Classical and Renaissance Art.

*Kennedy*, 785 Fifth Av.: Apr.: Sporting Prints and 1 May: Country house decorations.

*Kleeman Gal.*, 65 E. 57: Apr.: Louis Bosa, recent 1 *Kraushaar Gal.*, 32 E. 57: May 5: Charles Locke, 1 May 7-26: Dean Fausett, pntgs. and watercolors.

*Julien Levy*, 42 E. 57: Apr.: Man Ray, pntgs., ph objects. May: Max Ernst, sculptures.

*Macbeth Gal.*, 11 E. 57: Apr. 21: Joseph DeMartini, 1 *Metropolitan Museum of Art*: Thru May: American Fas and Fabrics. Costumes from the Forbidden City. *Morgan Library*, 29 E. 36: thru Apr. 14: The Written Y *Museum of Costume Art*, 18 E. 50: indef: Hats and 1 dresses. *Museum of Modern Art*, 11 W. 53: May 13: Piet Mondr Apr. 29: Mod. American Dance. Apr. 4-June 3: Ge Rouault. Apr. 11-June 24: Stage Designs of Robert mund Jones. Apr. 25-June 10: Paul Strand, photos *Museum of Non-Objective Pntg.*, 24 E. 54: May 15: dinsky Memorial Show. *National Acad. of Design Gal.*, 1083 5th Ave.: Apr May 19: 53rd Ann. Exhib. of Natl. Assoc. of W Artists. *Nierendorf Gal.*, 53 E. 57: Apr.: Josef Scharl. *New Art Circle*, 41 E. 57: Apr.: Karl Knaths. *New York Historical Soc.*, 170 Central Pk. W.: Mal American Portraits. May 31: Beginnings of the A can Circus. *Newhouse Gal.*, 15 E. 57: 17th and 18th century DE English, Flemish, French, and American Masters. *Harry Shaw Newman Gal.*, 150 Lexington Av.: Amer genre and landscape pntg. *Parke-Barnet Gal.*, 30 E. 57: Auctions of old and mo pntgs., art objects, first editions, antiques, etc. *Passedoit Gal.*, 121 E. 57: Apr. 28: Charles G. Shaw, p Perls Gal., 32 E. 58: Apr. 28: Carol Blanchard. Apr May 26: Luis Martinez Pedro, drawings. *Pinacotheca*, 20 W. 58: Apr. 23-May 5: Davis Herron, p May 7-19: Raymond O'Neal, pntgs. May 21-June Molla, watercolors. *Plaza Art Gal.*, 9 E. 59: Daily auctions of pntgs., antic art objects, etc. *Riverside Museum*, 310 Riverside Dr.: Apr. 29-May Artists League of America. *Schneider-Gabriel Gal.*, 67 E. 57: American and Fr Pntgs. *Schoenemann Gal.*, 73 E. 57: Apr. 30: English Portraits Landscapes. *Jacques Seligmann*, 5 E. 57: 19th Century French pan E. & A. Silberman, 32 E. 57: Pntgs. by old and mo masters. Early objects of art. *67 Gallery*, 67 E. 57: Apr. 21: Hans Hofmann. Apr May 12: James Edward Davis. May 14-June 9: G Exhib. *Ward Eggleston Gal.*, 161 W. 57: Apr.: American Gra Weyhe Gal., 794 Lexington Av.: Apr. 9-28: Lamar Bak pntgs. *Whitney Museum*, 10 W. 8: Apr. 11: European Artists America. Apr. 17-May 16: Hudson River School. *Wildenstein*, 19 E. 64: May 12: Claude Monet, Y. Lorki, sculpture. Werboff, portraits. *Willard Gal.*, 32 E. 57: May 5: Sibley Smith, watercol May 8-June 2: Gina Knee.

**NEWARK, N. J.** *Artists of Today Gal.*: Apr. 21: Mal Apr. 23-May 5: Mary Van Blarcom. May 7-19: Cath Lamb. May 21-June 2: Frank Blasingame. *Newark Art Club*: Apr.: Ann. Exhib. N. J. Watercol May: Photography. *Newark Museum*: thru May: Art of the Potter; The Ine trial Front in the Newark Area. May 15: Plastics Plywood.

**NORFOLK, VA.** *Museum of Arts and Science*: May 6- Norfolk Photographic Club Ann.

**NORMAN, OKLA.** *Univ. of Oklahoma*: Apr. 30: 15 L American Pnters. Midwestern Mus. Assoc. Drawi May 1-10: Students Show. May 14-June 4: Art of A tralia.

**NORTHAMPTON, MASS.** *Smith College*: Apr. 30: Clothes Modern?

**NORWICH, CONN.** *Slater Memorial Museum*: Apr. Graphic Arts.

**OAKLAND, CALIF.** *Mills College*: May 11: Art of No west Indians.

**OVERLIN, O.** *Oberlin College*: May 15: Cleveland Wat color Exhib.

**OLIVET, MICH.** *Olivet College*: Apr. 30: 15th, 16th C tury French Prints. May 1-20: Milton Horn, sculptu May 21-June 4: Students Show.

**OMAHA, NEB.** *Joslyn Memorial*: Apr. 30: Terence Dur May 1-21: Graphic Arts of Mexico and Argentina; Bes Lasky, pntgs. May 6-20: Army Arts Contest Exhib Photo Exhib.

**OSHKOSH, WIS.** *Public Museum*: Apr.: Bessie Las pntgs. May: Belgian Congo in the War.

**OXFORD, O.** *Western College*: Apr. 30: 28 Ameri Pnters of Today (AFA). May 10-31: Contemp. Wat colors from Whitney Mus. Coll.

**OXFORD, MISS.** *Mary Bule Museum*: Apr. 27-May 2 Alberta Eno, pastels.

**PARKERSBURG, W. VA.** *Fine Arts Center*: May 6: 6 Ann. Regional Pntg. Show. May 1-15: Children's Draw ings.

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.** *Art Alliance*: Apr. 20: Donat Deskey. Apr. 22: Morris Ketchum, Jr. May 6: Ty Fogg; Walt Kuhn. May 2: What is Modern Architecture Apr. 23-May 18: Walter Dorwin Teague. May 15-June Gropius and Breuer. *Philadelphia Museum of Art*: May 10: U. S. Railroa May 24: Prints, Recent Accessions. Apr. 28-Sept.: Ame ican Paintings. *Sketch Club*: May 6: Ann. Exhib. of Small Oils by Phila delphia Artists. *Philip Ragan Associates*: May 9: Filomena Dellaripa, pntgs May 16-June 20: Philadelphia Artists. *Pennsylvania Academy*: Apr. 29: Daniel Garber, pntgs. **PITTSBURGH, PA.** *Carnegie Institute*: Apr. 27-June Thos. Eakins Centennial Exhib. May 13-June 3: Arts an Crafts by High School Students. **PITTSFIELD, MASS.** *Berkshire Museum*: Apr.: Pat Wiegardt and Nell Barr. May: Clarence Brodeur; Mo Geo. M. Sutton. **PLAINFIELD, N. J.** *Art Assoc.*: May 6-20: Spring Men bers Show. **PORTLAND, ME.** *Sweet Memorial Museum*: Apr. 22: Hal riet Thompson, Aubigne Fodd. Apr. 29-May 27: 46th Ann. Photo Salon.



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